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Life of Dr. Wm. F. Carver, of California

William F. Carver

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January 11, 1921

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LIFE of
DR. W^M F. CARVER
of California
Champion Rifle Shot of the World!



Known among the Indians of the Plains as

Red Spirit

L I F E

O F

DR. WM. F. CARVER,

O F CALIFORNIA,

Champion Rifle-Shot of the World.

B E I N G

AN INTERESTING AND TRUTHFUL STORY OF HIS CAPTURE BY THE
INDIANS WHEN A CHILD, AND ROMANTIC LIFE AMONG THE
SAVAGES FOR A PERIOD OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

T O W H I C H I S A P P E N D E D ,

RECORD OF HIS REMARKABLE EXHIBITIONS OF SKILL WITH A
RIFLE, AS NOTED BY THE PUBLIC PRESS OF THE UNITED
STATES DURING HIS RECENT PROFESSIONAL JOURNEY
FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK.

A L S O ,

A DESCRIPTION OF DR. CARVER'S HOME ON THE MEDICINE.

Published by the Author.

B O S T O N :

P R E S S O F R O C K W E L L A N D C H U R C H I L L , 39 A R C H S T R E E T .

1878.

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WILLIAM F. CARVER.

PREFACE.

To become a practical marksman, and able to use one's skill as a shot, for any real purpose of offence or defence when placed by circumstances where it is necessary to put that skill to a *bond-fide* test, one should be able not only to hit a mark the size and distance away of the target practised upon by long-range riflemen of our country, but also to instantly locate and hit any object, large or small, any distance away within the rifle's range, whether on the ground or in the air, whether stationary or in motion. Game may be large, but the hunter may be able to discern but a most minute portion of it; and even then it may be in motion, and in sight but for an instant. An Indian is large enough to see and hit at a considerable distance away; but he is an active animal, and must almost always be caught "on the wing."

Of late years glass-ball shooting with a shot-gun has been brought to great perfection, and we have in our country many expert marksmen in this practice. If such perfection could be attained with a shot-gun, it occurred to me that much the same result could be accomplished with the rifle, and, if so, the practice of hitting flying objects with a rifle would be more generally adopted by our marksmen, and result in the practical good of training up a class of riflemen in the United States who, when called upon for practical offensive or defensive work, would defy the world for efficiency.

I was at first informed that it was impossible to demolish glass balls with a rifle-ball, as was continually being done by shot. I differed widely from this opinion; and as to how much I was justified in my opinion I refer to the record made by myself, as recorded by the public press of the country and republished in this work, and the continual reports of my exhibitions, wherein I demolish glass balls, shoot coin of every description, and other minute objects moving in the air, with a rifle, with greater rapidity and precision than the same is accomplished with a shot-gun.

Is it possible that there is but one man in the world who can do this, and that man is myself? Grant that I am the originator of glass-ball shooting and shooting at flying objects generally, with a rifle, and that I now accomplish these feats with such apparent ease as to make shot-gun shooting of the same description sink into insignificance,—and it must be admitted, in the same breath, that there are scores of men in our country who, if they have the patience and perseverance which I have exercised in attaining my present proficiency, possess all the other qualities of nerve and sight requisite to become good rifle-shots if they will but set about in earnest to perfect themselves.

I therefore recommend that clubs be formed throughout the country for shooting at glass balls and flying objects *with a rifle*, and I am positive that all will be surprised to find how many good riflemen we have in our midst. I have adopted rifle-shooting as a profession, and I shall be pleased to see my countrymen perfecting themselves in the science of rapid and accurate marksmanship. That all may become interested in my profession, as well as my individual progress therein, I have published this book. It contains a sketch of my life, the earlier years of which were connected with the eventful history of our western country, and may prove of interest to many of my friends and those who wish to know more of me than my exhibitions of rifle-shooting can give them. I publish also a description of a buffalo-hunt and a short account of my home on the "Medicine," and an incident of my life from other pens than my own. Added to these are a few extracts from the public press concerning my exhibitions of rifle-shooting, which will simply illustrate what can be accomplished with that effective weapon.

"What man has done man may do," the old adage says. I have set the example; now let us see what my countrymen will do, and if they will emulate that example by an immediate and earnest effort to perfect themselves in the skill of rifle-shooting.

DR. W. F. CARVER.

THE LIFE OF DR. CARVER.

WITH the universal interest that the unparalleled marksmanship of Dr. Carver has suddenly awakened, naturally comes the question, "Who is this wonderful man, who rides like a Centaur, shoots as unerringly as Death, and combines the modest courtesy of a true gentleman with a more than savage genius for the chase, and cool, courageous skill in the use of its weapons of destruction?" It is our purpose to answer this question with a brief account of the strange, eventful career that has developed the best shot in the world, without an equal even among the savage tribes who taught his hand its cunning, and helped to train the steady nerve and grand physical force that are his birthright. His exploits are worthy of Cooper's famous heroes, and their narration should have additional interest from the fact that in no instance has it received the aid or coloring of romance or imagination, but is a simple statement of actual incidents in a wild and varied life.

"Men have met, where sunlight glances
All our border land along,
Like the knights of old romances,
Ventures bold and strange mischances
Worthy of a poet's song,"

that are seldom known beyond their border-world, unless some special and striking gift like Doctor Carver's brings them unwillingly before the public. But few if any can compare in wild adventure and absolute fearlessness with

the subject of this sketch. His life seems to have had no parallel outside of the world of fiction, as his marksmanship has no parallel anywhere.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

"I remember my mother," said Dr. Carver, "as a gentle, soft-voiced woman, with great braids of shining auburn hair." Little did that gentle woman dream as she looked into the deep, wondering eyes of her first-born, that they were destined to make many a savage warrior quail before their fiery glance, or that her bright and sunny child would ever become the dreaded "Evil Spirit" of the red men. Still less could she have foreseen by what cruel, torturing ways his destiny would lead him; and her loving heart was spared the need of knowing.

The first four years of his babyhood were passed at Saratoga Springs, New York, where he was born, May 7, 1840. In the spring of 1844 his father caught the spirit of change and adventure that was sweeping over the country, and proposed to emigrate to the then far West. His gentle wife un murmuringly resigned the ties of friendship and association, and, with her two children, Frank, our hero, his little sister May, and two servants, accompanied her husband out of civilization into a Minnesota wilderness. In the picturesque and beautiful neighborhood of St. Anthony's Falls, where the city of Minneapolis now stands, a tract of wild land was preëmpted, and in the primitive-log-cabin of the early settler, amid the grand scenes and grander silences of Nature, where every rock and tree and stream had its own quaint, beautiful, or tragic Indian legend, the little family spent one short and happy summer.

In September of 1844 Mr. Carver was obliged to go down the river for winter supplies. There had been no

hostile demonstrations from the Indians for a long time, and it was without a presentiment of coming evil that he bade his little family farewell, and left them for the first time alone. Returning eagerly after a three days' absence, he found only ruin and desolation where he had left a happy little home and all his life held dear. Amid the ashes of his little dwelling were found the charred remains of the loving wife and mother, whose sunny spirit, that had made that lonely wilderness the brightest spot on earth to him, had taken its flight amid physical tortures of which the bare thought agonized him almost to insanity. The servants had shared the same fate. Starting out on the trail of the savage demons, whose cruel work had wrought such terrible destruction, the horror-stricken father soon came upon the body of his darling little girl, scalped and cruelly mutilated, and full of Indian arrows; but months of searching brought no trace of Frank, and the desolate man fled from the scene of his terrible sorrow, and from America, seeking forgetfulness amid the changes of European life.

Meantime, the bright-faced, sturdy little boy, who never knew whether it was by some sudden relenting of the savage heart or a fancy they might have conceived for the beautiful, brave child, that he escaped the terrible fate of his mother and little sisters, was taken, a horror-stricken, shuddering captive in their train. Walking with tender baby feet along the rough trail that was sometimes trying even to the accustomed feet of his savage captors, as if the grief and terror and hardships were not enough torture for the carefully nurtured child, he was compelled to carry in his hand the scalp of his baby-sister, whose shining tresses it had been his delight to fondle in happier days.

"Through all my life," says Dr. Carver, "with all its stormy changes and reckless, wild adventures, I have never been able to forget this episode of my life, child as I

was. The appealing look of my mother, murdered before my eyes, and the clinging touch of my little sister's golden hair, while the dainty form it used to crown so proudly lay lifeless in the trail behind us, often come back to me now. Later events have been forgotten, but that memory will follow me to the grave."

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He was taken a long distance up the Minnesota river to their village, where, for a time, the Indians made him the butt of their savage fury, or their no less savage mirth. The helpless child was, by turns, cuffed, tortured, and abused, or treated with absolute neglect, until one day, wandering about the camp, solitary and forlorn, with tangled golden hair and a hungry little face, he attracted the attention of the young chief called Red Wing, that having been the name of the chief's father. Pleased with the long sunny hair and manly bearing of the little stranger, and perhaps touched with compassion for his forlorn condition, the kindly chieftain took him to his own lodge, where he was fed and cared for in Indian fashion, and not unkindly treated. He played with the dusky children, learning their athletic sports, and developing even then a strength and vigor that made the younger savages look up to him with as much reverence as did the older ones in after years.

He became quite a favorite among them, and was too young not to be happy in the wild, out-door life, too full of health and animal spirits not to enjoy the exciting sports in which he was permitted to take a part, and the greatest sorrow that came to him there was to witness the sufferings of the white captives who were brought from time to time, and to whom the bright-haired boy came, often, as an angel of deliverance.

In this way about three years had passed, when, one day, a young trapper was brought into the camp, who

became identified for many years with the fortune of our hero, and whose reminiscence of their life together sounds like a border romance.

THE OLD TRAPPER'S STORY.

It was a good many years ago, when I was young, — and you wouldn't think I'd ever been young, to look at me now, — that I enlisted in the Hudson Bay Company for five years. I had been educated for a different life; but I was a reckless, uneasy chap, and anxious for adventure, and I thought that after five years of it I could go back and settle down to a quiet business. But adventure is like a good many other things in this life, the more you get the more you want of it, and it's hard to get enough in one's lifetime.

I reported at St. Louis just in time to join a party of thirty men who were going up the Mississippi to hunt and trap and trade with the Indians, and I started out expecting to kill more game than any two men in the company, and feeling ready for anything. We travelled for several days very quietly, and the hot-blooded youngsters of the party began to call it tame, and growl because we had no fun worth speaking of, when one evening, as we were preparing to camp, a party of Indians surprised us, fired a whole shower of arrows among us, and retreated. We cooked supper, but didn't seem to relish it as much as usual, and, rolling ourselves in our blankets lay wide awake, listening and waiting for morning. The night was dark, and very still till nearly morning, when the howl of a wolf caused an old trapper, who was the leader of the band, to slide out of his blankets, touch an old comrade on the shoulder, and whisper, "Come with me." Then they both stole quietly from the camp and disappeared in the darkness.

I lifted myself on my elbow and listened. A twig snapped sharply, in the direction opposite that taken by the

trappers, but nothing could be seen in any direction, though I strained my eyes to look; till suddenly a pair of strange eyes looked into them, shining in the darkness like two little balls of fire. They kept coming nearer, but I was powerless to move or look away, and as I heard a soft foot-step close beside me I tried to cry out, but it was impossible. Something seemed to hold me, stronger than bands of rawhide. It wasn't fear, of course, but I never knew just what it was. I felt a hot breath on my cheek, and saw the flash of a knife, when the report of a rifle rung out, and the knife fell at my side. Then I jumped up and snatched my rifle that lay at my side, but the Indian was gone. Seeing my companions all running, I started to follow, when I was grabbed from behind by what seemed to be a dozen pair of long, brown arms, bound, gagged, and thrown upon the ground, where I lay rolling and tugging at my bandages, and gnashing my teeth, while the woods seemed to become suddenly alive with naked Indians, yelling like devils, and the twang of bow-strings and sharp crack of rifles, with the shouts of the trappers, mixed with their yells, made the forest a sudden hell.

I'd stopped trying to kick loose, and lay still, tired out, till daylight, when some Indians came, dragging up one of the trappers, who was wounded. They laid him beside me, and he whispered:—

“How did they catch you?”

“I wasn't very hard to catch; they didn't need any trap;” and I told him how it happened.

“The boys called you, and I called you myself, and we all thought you were with us. You see, the red devils were surrounding the camp, and we had to fight our way out. I guess the rest all got away, but I got winged in the leg, as you might say, and couldn't run. Glad to have my scalp left, but it don't feel very firm up there this morning.”

The Indians brought some horses, and, strapping us.

securely to their backs, started up the river. The horses had nothing to guide them but their own viciousness, and they delighted their masters by jamming us against the other horses, scraping through the brush and under the low branches of trees, and banging against everything that came in their way, till at noon, when they stopped to rest and eat, we tumbled off as they loosed our bands, more dead than alive. They gave us nothing to eat, and seemed in a great hurry; all the time keeping a watch out in the direction we had travelled. A party appeared in the distance, stopped, looked at us, and then came straight towards us. Then we saw that they were our own party, and the Indians saw it, too, for, picking up their things in a twinkling, they pushed on up the river. All that day they travelled on as fast as they could, only stopping for a moment at evening, and all night long they kept up the march. Late the next afternoon we came in sight of their village. The low lodges, made of hides stretched over poles that were driven into the ground, were swarming with squaws and little dirty brown-faced children who came running out to meet us.

The Indians gave us over to the squaws, and they drove us into the village, yelling like panthers, beating us with sticks and hacking at us with knives. You see that is their share of the sport, and they are more cruel, and contrive more devilish tortures than the men. When we reached the village they surrounded us, dancing, capering, and yelling, and pulling us about till they got tired of looking at us, when they took us into a lodge and left us bound hand and foot, with a guard at the door. We were stiff and sore and half starved to death. It was impossible to move, and we lay like a couple of logs till almost morning, when the loose curtain of skin that made the lodge door was lifted, and a little golden-haired boy slipped in, with a light in his hand, and stood looking at us. He was seven or eight years old; his face, tanned and browned by the weather, looked white-

compared with the children of the camp, and his eyes were full of tears. As he knelt beside us and loosened the thongs that were cutting into our wrists, we could almost have believed him an angel that had come to our relief instead of a poor captive white boy. Rubbing our sore and stiffened wrists, he told us in whispers how he had listened to the Indians in council, by cutting a hole through the skin on one side of the lodge, and had heard that we would have to run the gauntlet next morning, and if we could reach the post they would not kill us.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Frank," he answered; "but the Indians call me Waseachasuella, the lone white boy."

"I like to have white folks come, for they talk to me like my mother, if the Indians would only be good to them. But they brought a white squaw in the day before you, and it took so much trouble to watch her that they let the squaws kill her. They whipped her with sticks, and cut her all to pieces with their knives, and then, tying her to a post, piled wood up all around her and set it on fire. The boys would heat their arrows red-hot in the fire and then shoot her with them. They made me stay and see it."

"Can you talk with the Indians?"

"Oh, yes. They let me talk some with white folks, so I don't forget; but I talk most with the Indians."

He tied our hands again more loosely, saying that the guard had only gone to get something to eat and would soon be back, and they'd kill him if they found him there, slipped out quietly as he came.

In the morning two Indians took us from the lodge and led us into an open space, where all the other Indians of the camp had ranged themselves in two long lines, armed with sticks, stones, and knives, and their bows and arrows. Between these lines we must run to a distant post, or die if we failed.

As we came out, they yelled most frightfully, hopping around to show my companion how he walked with his lame leg, laughing, brandishing their weapons, and twisting their hideous faces into expressions of fiendish delight. They took my friend first, and, knowing he could never run the distance, he gave me his hand and said : —

“Good-by, old boy. If you ever get away, have the Company write home and tell them about me.”

They grabbed him roughly away from me, hustled him up to the end of the line, and gave him a push. He started and ran a short distance through a perfect rain of blows, when one of them threw a handful of dirt in his eyes, just as a heavy blow came down upon his shoulders, and he fell insensible. They beat him till they thought he was dead, and then gave him to the boys, who amused themselves by shooting him full of arrows and filling his ears with powder and lighting it, to blow up his head.

I was sick with the sight, and the thought of what was in store for me, if I failed, made me weak-kneed and dizzy when my turn came. There was nothing for it but to run, and I started. I had not gone far, through a stinging hail of cuts and blows, when the voice of the little white boy said softly, in English : —

“Break through the line.”

I saw his bright head among the black polls of some Indian boys that he had gathered around him, so as to make a weak place in the line, and making a bold break I plunged through and ran for the post. Nothing could ever make me run like that again. I fairly flew over the ground, and fell by the post, more dead than alive. I thought they would kill me, but they're curious creatures. They seemed to have a sort of savage respect for me for getting the best of them in the race for my life ; and, taking me back to the lodge, they gave me something to eat, and bandages for my wounds.

For a while I thought I should die of my cuts and bruises, and I lay quite helpless for weeks. Every night the white boy would visit me, and tell me what the Indians were doing, give me something to eat, and dress my wounds with a hand as light and careful as a woman's, and, when he thought I was asleep and comfortable, steal quietly away.

At last I got well enough to leave the lodge. I was a rugged fellow and couldn't die easily, and then they brought the golden-haired boy to me, and had him tell me that if I would promise not to try to get away they would put me in Waseachasuella's care; "but if you try to run away, you have seen how they will treat you," he said, sorrowfully. I gladly promised, and for days we wandered up and down the river, catching fish and shooting with the bow and arrow. The skill of the child was very wonderful to me. There was hardly a grown-up warrior in the band who had a truer aim or was a more certain shot. I was not ashamed to take lessons from him, though I had prided myself on my shooting.

I tried to seem quite contented and at home with them, so that they would think I didn't want to escape, and they soon believed it, for they let me go home with Frank to his own lodge. He was living with his Indian father, who had two swarthy children of his own, and we were a queer-looking crowd as we gathered around the fire, made in the centre of the lodge, to cook our supper. They had an old iron kettle, foraged from some white settlement, that they put over the fire, half-filled with pieces of meat. When it was about half-cooked they gathered around the pot, armed with rough spoons made from the horns of the buffalo, and dived and dipped into the boiling stew, snatching out pieces in their fingers, their black eyes snapping, and tearing at it like hungry wolves. The Indian children were older than the little white boy, and they seemed very fond of him,

stopping in their greedy hurry to see that he had a nice piece, and treating him with more gentleness than they did each other.

It don't take much to make an Indian happy. A lodge of hides, a little family, plenty to eat, and good hunting, are about all he cares for, and his wealth is known by the number of horses he possesses.

After supper, as we sat on the ground around the fire, a little black head was pushed in at the door; the children cried out, "Pa-he-minnie-minish!" and a little girl came in and sat down among them. She was an Indian; her eyes were black and her face was brown; but her hair, that was as black as a coal and very long, was soft and curly. I looked at her in perfect astonishment. I had never seen a curly-headed Indian before, and in all my life among them, I've never seen one since. She was a beautiful child. Her eyes hadn't the snaky glitter of the other Indians, but were large and soft, and had a gentle, frightened look as she glanced around the place to see who was there. She was clad like a young princess, in a buckskin suit, tanned and dressed by the squaws till it looked as soft and rich as velvet, bleached a creamy white, and trimmed with gay beads and porcupine quills. What a picture she made in the red firelight!

She came for her uncle and the children to attend a feast, and I was left alone in the lodge. I thought how easy it would be, while they were all engaged with their noisy sports, to steal out and make my escape; but where would I go? In this wild, strange country I might starve to death before I could find any help, or be overtaken by other Indians who would not be so kind. Besides, I was getting interested to see more of their strange life, and I didn't want to go without Frank. As I thought of him he came back, bringing a large gourd dish full of a steaming, savory

mess of something that I thought was venison, and I fell at it with a relish. It was very good.

"What is it, Frank?" I asked.

"Dog," he answered. Then, as I set the dish down very suddenly, he said, "They always eat dog at these feasts. It's for Pahe's birthday and the death of the White Buffalo."

It was queer how quick the taste changed in my mouth. I was never so sick in my life. Probably if I'd gone on thinking it was deer, I would have eaten it all and thought it was good.

I could hear the yells and whoops of the savage feasters after Frank went back, and wished I could see their fun, but I didn't want any more of their feast. After a while they all came back, bringing some more Indians with them, and I wondered how we should all sleep in that one little lodge. I soon found out. They placed me near the door, with my feet to the fire, and the others, putting their feet to the fire also, laid themselves out in a circle like the spokes of a big wheel, and there was plenty of room left. At daylight the squaws awoke me out of a sound sleep by building the fire. I looked out, and could see the squaws breaking up wood, and bringing in great loads of it on their backs; and Frank told me that the Indians made them do all the work of the camp, while they did the hunting and fighting.

I used to spend all the time that I was not shooting and fishing with Frank, in watching them dressing the hides of the game that the hunters brought in, and fixing up the meat for winter. I watched them one day tanning a buffalo-hide. They had it stretched out on the ground, and were patiently cutting away to thin it down. A buffalo-skin is so thick that it needs a great deal of dressing down to make it fit for use. The squaws have a sort of knife, called a scutching-knife, made of elk horn, something in the shape of a hammer. A small piece of iron or steel is put

along the edge, making a sort of rough blade, and the whole, wrapped with sinew or rawhide, is so arranged that the blade can be raised or lowered so as to cut any thickness. By hacking away with this rough instrument day after day they cut the robe down to any thickness they want; then they rub it with grease and brains till it is perfectly pliable, and then, taking the white clay, rub it till it is white as snow. Some of these robes they paint and trim with porcupine quills in beautiful and fantastic patterns. The body-robe of an Indian is rich and gorgeous as anything you could imagine, and when he wraps himself in it he feels as proud as any king. An Indian who owns one of these robes, handsomely dressed and trimmed, will part with all his horses and his dogs and papooses, rather than give it up.

BUFFALO SLAUGHTER.

One day, as I stood watching the squaws at their work, I saw a small herd of buffaloes coming toward the camp. They passed within a hundred yards of us and started to cross the stream. In an instant the Indians were rushing from their lodges, with guns and bows and arrows, and in less than twenty minutes from the time the herd came in sight the Indians were mounted on their horses and ready for a surround. The buffaloes saw them coming, and started in a panic to run back on the prairie; but the Indians, spreading out, soon formed a circle and surrounded the herd. In a short time the poor animals, bewildered and surprised, were running in a circle, and the Indians commenced to shoot. Taking those on the outside first, as fast as they fell the Indians would close in and make the ring smaller, keeping up a constant fire until the whole herd was destroyed. It was a grand sight, but a terrible one, and lacked the wild excitement of a long chase. It seemed like driving the poor

animals into a pen and slaughtering them without giving them a single chance to escape or fight. If one broke through the line he was followed and killed.

As soon as the last shot was fired the squaws commenced skinning and cutting up the game. They would take a large piece of the meat, and, rolling it over and over on the ground, slice around and around it, cutting off strips, several feet long and about a quarter of an inch thick. These they hang on poles or lines to dry in the sun. It is cut so thin that it dries very quickly, when they pack it into a sort of bucket made of rawhide, pour in a lot of tallow, and sew up the top of the case with sinew and lay it away for winter. I suppose the meat packed in that way will keep forever. The sinew the Indians use for thread is taken from the back of the buffalo. Commencing near the hump, they cut a strip about two or three inches wide, on each side of the backbone, the whole length of the back. These are separated into thin, tough fibres, that make the strongest kind of thread or strings or bands.

The Indians had been drying meat and making preparations for the winter, for some time, and they now talked of going into winter quarters, moving their village farther up the river. They sent out runners to collect the scattered Indians, and soon had everything ready for a march. They move their villages with less trouble than it costs a white man to move the furniture of his house.

The squaws pulled down the lodges, and, separating the poles, tied them fast on each side of the tough little horses. The ends of course dragged a long way behind them on the ground, and on these ends the lodges, robes, and winter provisions were piled, and the horses dragged it along like a sled. The dogs carried the small children in the same way. Shorter poles were strapped to their sides, and the little ones were safely packed on, and dragged along the trail. The Indians gave me a horse to ride, and we were

soon hurrying away through a wild and beautiful country. It was the last of autumn, the glorious Indian summer weather, when purple shadows hang over all the land; the long, warm days are still, and sweet with the breath of the dying leaves and grasses, and the red sun seems so near and kind. The scent of the pines on the river's bank came to us strong and resinous, and their brown needles made a thick, soft carpet underfoot. Frank was flying around on his pony, his long golden hair shining in the sun. He rode without a saddle, and guided his horse with a rawhide thong tied around its under jaw.

Pa-he-minnie-minish, or Pa-he, as they generally called her, rode with him, and a prettier picture I never saw than the two children made as they travelled along in the procession. They seemed very happy together, and I wondered many times during the day whether they would grow up together, and whether Frank would ever be happy among his own people if he should some time be allowed to return to them. The little girl, whose Indian name meant "Little curly-hair," which was given her because of that peculiarity, was a famous rider, and the pet of the camp.

We travelled a long way up the river, and camped within fifty yards of the falls of Minnehaha, in a small grove of timber. We had travelled far out of our way to reach the spot, and we stayed there a good many days. The grand, wild beauty of the place seemed to have a strange charm for the savage natures, and they told many quaint stories of the falls and their surroundings. They said that, many years ago, the Indians who lived in this region had a big chief named Rolling Thunder, whose daughter, a lovely little girl, was so fond of the water that they called her Minnie. As she grew up, she was loved by a great chief, who wanted to marry her, and she was promised to him by Rolling Thunder; but she loved a poor hunter, who had no horses, but worked and tried to lay up furs and robes enough to buy her of her

father. She would not marry any but the poor hunter. So one night Rolling Thunder had him taken from the lodge and thrown over the falls. She mourned a long time for him, but the great chief got tired of waiting; her father said she should have no more time for grieving, and the day of their marriage was set. There was a great feast and general rejoicing, and Minnie was the brightest and gayest of them all. On the bank of the stream they had gathered for the ceremony, when Minnie said she would show them her canoe. They all consented, and stepping lightly into her little boat that lay on the shore, she stood up and propelled herself gracefully a short distance, then starting her canoe toward the falls, threw away her oar, folded her arms and looked back with a smile.

"Minnie, come back!" called the chief. She laughed lightly, and disappeared over the falls.

It is from this Indian legend these falls are named. As the poor girl disappeared over the falls, all the while looking back upon the tribe, who stood spellbound upon the bank above, she laughed aloud, and the last sound which fell upon their ears was the clear, musical "ha! ha!" of the Indian maiden. Ever after, these falls have been known as "Minnehaha Falls," — a combination of the maiden's name with the last sound she was heard to utter.

We camped here for two or three weeks. The winter was slow in coming, and the splendid autumn weather and abundant game kept us long in the romantic neighborhood. But finally the chief ordered the village moved again, and we went into winter quarters far up the Minnesota river, camping on a small prairie in the edge of some timber. As if to make up for lost time, the winter came in terribly, bitterly cold at last. I had never known anything like the fearful, long, unbroken coldness of that winter. The streams were frozen over thick with ice; the snow fell day after day, till it lay many feet deep upon the prairie, and

the bare branches of the trees creaked in the frosty air, while the very sun looked like a glittering ball of ice, and seemed to make the cold days colder still.

I was getting used to the Indians, and thought less and less of trying to escape. I knew it would be impossible to get away before the spring opened, so I made myself as happy as I could among them, and became a pretty good Indian. They seemed to grow attached to me, for they were very kind, and finally gave me a lodge, and offered me an Indian girl for a wife. I had left no blue-eyed girl at home to wait for me, had hardly thought of marrying at all, and I took the brown-faced girl they offered, to my lodge. She was good and quiet; made my fires and dressed my game, and came smiling out to meet me when I returned from the hunt. I would have had hard work to get enough for us to eat, if the other Indians, who had made preparations for the winter, had not helped me from their stores.

The seasons passed, with plenty of good hunting and fishing in summer to furnish provisions for the long, cold winter. We moved our camp from place to place, choosing always the most romantic and picturesque camping-grounds, near the river, with its bold bluffs and sunny little islands, or by one of the many lakes, so numerous and beautiful in that wild country.

Frank, growing tall and handsome, was my companion in many of my hunting excursions. I taught him how to trap beaver and otter, and he excelled me at my own business, or had better luck than I, for he collected a lot of valuable furs in a short time. I went one morning to get him to go with me to visit the traps, and, as I opened the lodge door, I saw him hide something hastily under some robes in a corner. It was some time before he would tell me what it was. He was making a blanket of beaver-skins. Pa-he had helped him pluck out the long hairs from a beaver-skin, he had it tanned, and was making a very

beautiful robe. A beaver-skin, in its natural state, is covered with long, coarse hair, of a reddish-brown color. When this is all pulled out a soft, fine fur is left, that makes very pretty robes. It is after this plucking process that the beaver furs are so much prized, and sold in commerce. The children worked nearly all of one winter on their robe, with some help from the older Indians, and when it was finished I think it was the handsomest robe I ever saw. Frank presented it to little Pa-he for a bridal robe.

That spring the Indians began sending out war-parties to Southern Minnesota, and about May the main village moved down the Minnesota river to the Mississippi, and, travelling down as far as Lake Pepin, camped near the famous Maiden Rock, so called because a lovely Indian girl had there ended her love-troubles and her life by leaping from its summit, a distance of four hundred feet. This rock and La Grange Mountain make the lovely lake very picturesque. We had been camped here about two weeks when a war-party returned, bringing plunder from the white settlements, — cattle, horses, and valuable goods, — with some prisoners and many scalps. The village was wild with excitement, and prepared to have a dance to celebrate their great victory.

A SCALP-DANCE.

They had killed a great many people, and were very proud of their success. They cut willow switches, and tied them in a circle, and then, sewing the edges of the scalps to these, and letting them dry, hung them all together on a long pole. The Indians formed in a circle around this pole, and commenced to dance and yell, leaping about and beating the air with their long arms, and shouting out the stories of their brave deeds. Each warrior in turn would point out the scalps he had taken, and tell, with terrible gestures,

Now the killing had been done, showing where the knife had been plunged or the tomahawk had fallen upon the helpless victim. They kept dancing and howling till it was late at night and they were perfectly exhausted. I noticed an Indian standing apart, looking at a scalp with long, golden hair. He seemed sad, and I went and spoke to him, and asked him why he did not join the dancers. He replied that he was very sad; he had taken that scalp, and he thought he had offended the Great Spirit by killing the beautiful white squaw. He told how she had knelt to him, and said that he never could forget the look in her great brown eyes as he bent her head back and cut her throat.

"I can never go on the war-path again," he said. "I will live with the squaws."

When a warrior gets tender-hearted they call him a squaw, and make him stay at home and work with them instead of going out to hunt and fight.

I watched him for many days. He went about always with the same sad look, carrying the golden hair with him, and muttering to himself constantly. One night I heard a great commotion in camp. I ran out of my lodge and saw a lot of the Indians collected around some object that was lying on the ground. The big medicine-man of the tribe brushed past me, and rushed through the group, and I saw that the object they were watching was the Indian, whose remorse had been so strong that he had drank of tea made from a poisonous herb to end it. Retribution had come to him more swiftly, I thought, but not more surely, than it always does to the evil-doer.

During the summer a number of prisoners that had been brought into the camp escaped, one at a time, very mysteriously. The village was wild with excitement, and furious against the traitor who was helping them away; but they could not discover who it was, though they watched and suspected each other, and placed a safe watch over me.

It was no use. They continued to escape till only one was left, — a pretty and bright little woman that had been captured in Wisconsin. They determined to save her, at least, and placed an extra guard over her, while they prepared to torture her to death.

That night, when everything was quiet in the village, and the Indians were all asleep by their lodge-fires, the report of a gun rang out in the still night, sending us out of our lodges in a twinkling. The Indians gathered around the prisoner's lodge, and as I came near I saw Frank stretched upon the ground with his long golden hair crimson with blood, and a bullet-wound in his forehead. I raised his head to my knee and pushed back the tangled, bloody hair. The bullet had struck his head and glanced, making a bad wound, but not a dangerous one.

I carried the insensible boy to my lodge and washed the blood from his face, thinking what a terrible punishment would be his, now that they had discovered what I suspected all along, — that it was he who had cheated them of so many of their prisoners. Some of them wanted to torture him to death at once; but they loved Wasechasuella better than the youths of their own tribe, and so they held a council to decide what should be done with him. They were a long time in council before they could determine that he must die; but when they went to his lodge to bring him out to torture, they found him sick and delirious, raving wildly of the beautiful lady, and mixing his Indian and English in a talk they could not understand at all. They felt strangely superstitious about him, and said they would wait till he got well.

He was sick for many weeks with a dreadful brain-fever, that left him weak and helpless as a baby. Poor little Pa-he would sit beside him and bathe his burning head, and give him the doses the big medicine-man prepared for him, and cry quietly by the hour. Her great black eyes grew

bigger and blacker, and her little brown face got as thin and pitiful as if she herself had been sick, instead of her friend. It was many months before he was able to leave the lodge, but little Pa-he looked very happy as we went with him for his first walk. His long golden hair had all fallen out; his thin, pale face had lost the brown that the sun and weather had given it, and was whiter than the lady's he had tried to save, and no one would have believed he was the sturdy, yellow-haired young Indian who had camped with us at Lake Pepin in the spring. When we returned to the lodge, some of the great warriors were waiting for us, and they gravely questioned Frank about the part he had taken in the escape of the prisoners.

He told them that a spirit used to come to his lodge and tell him he must help the pale-faces. He had listened, because the red fathers had told him he must always listen to a spirit-voice, and he thought the spirit must have helped him, or he never could have set so many poor prisoners free.

After a long consultation they told him they did not blame him for following the counsel of the spirit; but they would stay with him, and when the spirit came again would talk to it themselves, and after that the poor boy was too closely watched to help his people or protect them much from the cruelty of the savages.

So the summer passed, and winter came, and still we stayed camped at Lake Pepin. Early in the spring a party of the Indians went over to the Redstone Quarry in Dakota, to make pipes, hunt, and trade with the whites. I was very anxious to go too, but they would not listen to it, and left me in the village.

CATCHING YOUNG ANTELOPE.

As I stepped out of my lodge one morning, I saw Frank and Pa-he riding by on their ponies, carrying some rope in their hands. I asked Frank where they were going.

"To catch young antelope," he answered. "Come with us and have some sport."

I went out, caught my pony, and was soon riding with them over the beautiful prairie. We were laughing and talking in Indian, and had gone three or four miles, when a little animal jumped up in front of us, not much larger than a jack-rabbit. Frank started after him at full speed, and coming up with him by hard running, swung his raw-hide rope a moment in the air and sent it flying after the animal. The next instant his horse had stopped, and, coming up, I saw that Frank had caught the antelope by the neck. It was only by the greatest skill that a noose could be thrown so small that such a small animal could not jump through it.

Frank and Pa-he caught four that day. The girl could ride almost as well as her pale-faced friend, and caught her game with great skill, and she would always rather be out on a hunt than staying at home with the squaws. Coming home, I saw a small antelope, and started to run him down and catch him. After a long chase he fell, and I dismounted and ran to pick him up, very proud of my success. What was my surprise to find his forelegs almost cut off! Frank and Pa-he rode up and told me I had run him too hard, and made him so tired that he could not get his fore feet out of the way, and that very often, when they were run down, they would cut their front legs all to pieces; the only way was to catch them with a rope, with as little running as possible.

During the spring we caught several young elk and deer, and some buffalo calves; but we had the greatest sport with the young buffaloes. We would take them home to the vil-

lage and try to make them tame. Sometimes we could keep them for several weeks, but there is nothing gentle in their nature, and they are always ready to fight. They will not thrive in any sort of confinement. One day Frank said to me : —

“I am going to catch an old buffalo and bring him down to the village, and I want you to help me.”

I thought it was a great notion to try and catch an old buffalo when we had such times with the young ones ; but Frank was determined, and I went with him.

We had not gone far when we saw an old bull standing at the head of a small ravine, and before he discovered us we had made a rush at him, and Frank's rope was coiled around his fore legs. He was thrown headlong to the ground, and in an instant Pa-he had thrown her rope around his hind legs, and, jumping to the ground, I soon had him securely fastened. I never saw anything so mad before. We left him to go for some water, and returning in about half an hour we found the old fellow stone-dead. After that we caught several others, but with the same result ; without being hurt at all, their rage at finding their great strength so powerless would kill them in a very little while. Their mad anguish was terrible to see, and we soon learned to take a rope about one hundred feet long, and when we had caught a buffalo fasten him securely with it to a huge pin driven into the ground, and leave him to get used, by degrees, to his captivity. In this way they would sometimes live a few months, but as a rule, when taken old, they will not live long in confinement.

Late in the fall the young warriors returned from Dakota, and there was great rejoicing in camp, and general preparation for the big hunt for winter. It was a lovely morning in October when they made their first surround, and in about ten days they had killed enough buffalo to last them all winter. They moved the village far up the river,

and selected a place to camp in a big pine wood. Frank and I hunted and trapped during the winter, and were constantly together. I became greatly attached to the brave and manly boy, and there was not one of the dark-faced little ones, who now clustered about my own lodge-fire, that I cared for more.

In the spring we went on a hunting and fishing excursion to Lake Muinetonka, a beautiful lake, surrounded by trees, lying about thirty miles from St. Anthony's Falls. The lake is several miles long, and as clear as crystal. Sitting in our canoe, we could see the fish so plainly in the water beneath us that it seemed as if we could reach down and catch them in our hands; but with our long spears we could not even scare them. After camping here for several weeks, we moved down to Twin Lakes, where the squaws did some gardening, planting corn and pumpkins. We spent the summer here, and when the first frosts came, the squaws gathered their harvest and we moved our village to the Minnehaha Falls for the winter.

On one of our hunting trips Frank and I found a large cave, and I gave it the name of Carver's Cave, for Frank, by which it is still known. We used often to visit this cave, and we showed it to the Indians, who used it for many years as a medicine-cave. Many people visit it now in summer, for it is a romantic and beautiful spot, but few, perhaps, know how it was named for a descendant of the proud old Carver family, whose pilgrim governor has left the name bright in American history.

A FUNERAL.

While we were living here, a great chief was taken sick and died. The camp went into the most doleful mourning. They painted themselves black, and fasted for three days and nights, singing their dismal death-songs and howling

like prisoned animals for the loss of the great chief, Little Wolf. They beat their breasts and tore out great handfuls of their thick, black hair, and the stoutest warriors would cry like squaws. Then they held a council, and decided to bury Little Wolf on the bank of the river, by the Falls of St. Anthony. He was a brave chief, and the Indians loved him, and were very proud of him because he had been to the council of the pale-faces at Washington, and had been presented with a medal by the Great White Chief. It was a large silver medal, engraved with "Peace and Friendship" on one side, and two hands clasped on the reverse. They buried it with him, to show to his old comrades in the other world; and they killed his war-horse on his grave, so that he could ride to the Spirit Land, and would not have to walk in the happy hunting-grounds. They placed food for him to eat on his long journey, and his gun and bow and arrow by his side. The whole tribe mourned for him, and had no feasts nor war-dances for months.

We were making preparations to move our village, when the runners brought in word that a party of trappers and traders were on their way to the camp, and so the Indians waited and prepared to receive them. That night they built signal-fires to collect the scattered Indians, and the next morning the traders came to the village.

I watched them trade with the Indians, and felt like telling my red comrades when I saw them so badly cheated. They would give a fine robe for a cupful of sugar, and furs and robes, worth at least thirty dollars, would go for fifty cents' worth of sugar. They were entirely ignorant of the real value of their beautiful furs and skins, and it was by taking advantage of this that the whites made so much money trading with them. Frank was wild to get a fine Hawkins rifle, that belonged to one of the traders, but he had not furs enough to pay for it. I helped him out, and

by paying about five times the worth of the gun we succeeded in getting it for him at last.

This was the first gun he ever owned, and his shooting was somewhat wonderful. He would practise for hours shooting at stones that I would throw up in the air for him, and hit them so often that I, who knew something of his skill already, was quite bewildered, and went and told the trappers about it. They insisted that he should shoot with some of their best marksmen, and the result was that he won back nearly all the robes we had paid them for the rifle, before they made up their minds they couldn't beat him. He practised constantly, and killed more game than any hunter of the tribe. But one day when I was throwing stones for him, as usual, and he was shooting with more than usual success, while little Pa-he watched us from a thicket near by, one of his bullets hit a rock, glanced, and lodged in poor Pa-he's arm.

We carried the slight, wiry form, limp and lifeless now, to her father's lodge, and it was long before the black eyes opened and the sweet mouth smiled faintly at us as we bent over her. Frank was broken-hearted, and declared that he would throw away his gun and never shoot again. During all her sickness, and it seemed as if her wound would never heal, he could not be induced to take a single shot. It was nearly a year before she was well and strong again, and then she begged Frank so earnestly to go on a hunt with her, that he finally consented, and we started out one fine morning very happy to be going out all together once more.

The first game we saw was a solitary buffalo. Frank's gun was levelled in an instant, and the great animal fell headlong, stone-dead. We rode up, and, dismounting to rest a while, laid down our guns and took a seat on the fallen carcass. We sat there talking for some time, when suddenly our soft, warm sofa gave a great snort, and rose

up, scattering us right and left, a living and infuriated buffalo. There was no time to pick up guns as we scrambled out of his reach, and there he stood over them, looking straight at us with his head down and his little eyes snapping fire. We could not drive him off or make him chase one of us from the spot. When we moved he turned and watched us, but he would not move a step. At last Frank got desperate and, rushing straight up to him, grabbed his gun and ran. The buffalo chased him a few steps, then turned suddenly and charged Pa-he, who had mounted her pony, and before the poor animal could get out of the way, caught him on his horns, killing him instantly, and shooting Pa-he out into the air like an arrow. She fell heavily, but I never saw any one get up so quick in my life, or run so fast. Frank and I soon put an end to the buffalo when we got our guns, and we all returned to camp, well satisfied with our hunt. Pa-he mourned for her pony, but her father gave her another, and she soon became attached to it and was happy again.

The whites now commenced to settle up the country very fast, driving the Indians farther up the Minnesota, and we moved our village far up the river and stayed there till the Indians made a treaty of peace with the whites. Then they commenced to farm, and missionaries came among them and formed schools, and our camp began to have the appearance of a white settlement. Frank's shooting was the pride of the Indians and the wonder of the whites, so at last I determined to go to St. Louis and see if I could do anything for him if he should leave the Indians. It was nearly two years before I returned, and I found Frank grown into a large, powerful young man. His perfect proportions, handsome face, and matchless strength made him a magnificent fellow, and I thought how grand he would look in civilized garb among the dwarfish, ill-formed men we meet in the cities of the whites.

I had been back but a short time when the Indians sent a party down the river to trade with the whites. A runner soon came back to the village after Frank, to go with him to shoot against a trapper who had been winning all their furs. When the Indians came back Frank was not with them. He had beaten the trapper so badly that the old man wanted to take him away with him to shoot for money. They promised to bring back lots of dollars and fine presents, and the Indians let him go. I was glad he had got out into the great world, but the camp was dreary enough without him, and poor little Pa-he was very desolate, though we never lost faith that he would come back to us, until the war of 1862.

The Indians had become dissatisfied with the government, which had been very careless for some time about making its payments according to the terms of the treaty, and they determined to drive the whites from Minnesota, and get possession of their old hunting-ground again. Little Crow was chosen as their leader, and they quietly and secretly prepared for war. They had collected near the little town of New Ullum, and so cautious and secret had been their preparations that the whites did not even suspect their hostility.

It made poor Pa-he very sad, and one dark night she stole quietly from camp and warned the villagers at New Ullum of their danger. They commenced preparations to defend their village, and the Indians, learning this, knew they must have been betrayed by some of their own people; so they remained very peaceable and friendly, to quiet the suspicions of the whites, while they were using every means to find out who had been the traitor in their camp. At first suspicion fell on me, as it always did in such cases; but Pa-ne, learning that they meant to torture me to death, went to Little Crow and told him that she could not bear to see the

poor white people murdered and their lodges burned, and she had put them on their guard.

Little Crow was very angry, and would have killed poor Pa-he as she stood before him, if he had not wanted to torture her before the tribe. He said the traitors in his tribe should learn what to expect if they betrayed the followers of Little Crow, and that she should die the next morning, because he was afraid that if he waited longer, the Indians, who loved Pa-he so much, would help her to escape. It was a bright and lovely morning when they led her from her lodge to a terrible death.

They tied the slender, beautiful girl to a stake, so that it was impossible for her to move, and she stood motionless, only chanting her death-song as the fiendish work went on. They stuck her shrinking flesh full of small pieces of pine pitch; with their rude pincers they pulled her eyelids till the flesh gave way; they tore out her long hair, a little at a time, and cut her fingers off with red-hot knives. Then covering her head with pitch they set it on fire, and lit the fagots at her feet, and as she slowly burned to death, Little Crow made a speech to his people. He told them how he had always loved little Pa-he, and how sad it made him to kill any of his people, but said that if his own son had betrayed them, he would have been tortured in the same way; that traitors must always be punished with death. It was the most sickening sight that I had ever witnessed, of all their fiendish deeds, and I was glad that Frank had not been there to share my torture in seeing it. I determined not to stay among them any longer, but to take my children and go back to my own people.

Meanwhile, the whites at New Ullum, finding the Indians so quiet and friendly, thought they had received a false alarm, and were feeling very peaceful and secure, when, one bright morning, the Indians came down upon them, burning and destroying the little village, and massacring all the

settlers. Then followed a general uprising of the Indians, and the settlements all along the frontier were destroyed and the white settlers murdered. The soldiers of the government were fighting in the South, and the Indians carried their depredations into Wisconsin, and did a great deal of damage before they could be subdued. Their leaders were finally captured, and thirty-eight of them were hung, Little Crow among the number, and the rest of the Indians compelled to leave the State. My family were taken captive, and I returned to my own people, tired enough of Indian life.

I had been at St. Louis for several months when I read in a morning paper an account of a young man shooting with a rifle in Wisconsin. I knew from the description that it must be Frank, and I went up to Wisconsin to join him.

I found him at Sheboygan with another trapper and hunter named Sweeley. They were travelling over the country, shooting, and I joined them. Frank shot many matches, and was never beaten. They made considerable money, and Sweeley persuaded Frank to go home with him to Illinois, and go to school and learn some civilized business. In the town of Winslow, Illinois, he attended school for four years, in the mean time learning his profession, dentistry, and astonishing everybody with the wonderful progress of one so long wholly untaught. The people liked him, as they always do wherever he goes, and he might have gone into business there, married, and become a quiet, plodding citizen like the rest of us. But it was not in his nature. A swell office and plenty of business, with flattering attentions from the little city's best society, could not satisfy the roving heart of the young doctor, which was always wandering back to the wild, free life of the border, and the last time I saw him he was standing on the platform at the railroad station, bound for the West again. The quiet and confinement of his indoor life had told upon

him, and he was growing pale and thin ; but as he stood on the platform that morning, with the prospect of the old days and the old wild ways coming back to him, he looked so bright and strong and happy that I wished, as I went back to my little farm, that I could go with him out of the tame-ness of civilization again, and I've always been sorry that I didn't go.

BACK TO THE PLAINS.

Our hero proceeded to Council Bluffs, where he was joined by a hunter named Bruster, who proposed to accompany him when he announced his intention of riding out to the Republican country to hunt and trap for a living. He was glad to have so pleasant a companion, and, buying pack-mules and saddle-ponies, they started for the Republican. They travelled along quietly for about a week, the young doctor growing blither and happier with every day that carried him farther into the wilderness.

“ Nature joyed her faith to prove him ;
All her dewy woodlands smiled ;
How her wild birds sang above him !
As no other power could love him,
Sure she owned and loved her child.”

He was the gayest and kindest of comrades, and Bruster was rejoicing at the good fortune that brought them together, and the delightful prospect that lay before them, as they prepared to camp one night on the bank of the Platte. But his pleasant reflections were interrupted by a sudden shot, which wounded him very badly in the leg, and in the skirmish that followed the Indians succeeded in killing one of the pack-mules before Frank's cool and constant firing had frightened them away. This accident compelled them to remain camped for several days, until they were discovered by a wagon-train that was passing on its way to California,

and, as they kindly offered to carry the wounded man as far as Fort Kearney, the little camp was raised and the Doctor joined the train.

They had not remained long at Fort Kearney, before Dr. Carver distinguished himself as a shot, which he was always sure to do, sooner or later, wherever he went. A party of emigrants had been surprised by the Indians and their horses and cattle stampeded. One of the party had contrived to steal from the camp at night and reach the fort. The commander immediately ordered out a company of soldiers to go to the emigrants' relief, and the Doctor joined them. They reached the camp just in time to save the party from a general slaughter. The suddenness of the soldiers' appearance demoralized the savages a few minutes, and they withdrew a short distance for a consultation, but soon returned and renewed the battle. They commenced the attack by riding round in a circle and firing from the sides of their horses, and they made it very lively for the soldiers, several of whom were badly wounded.

"Carver," said one of the soldiers, running up to him quite out of breath, "I wish you'd come and try your hand on that red devil the other side of camp. He keeps within three hundred yards of us and has killed two or three of our men, and I swear we can't one of us hit him."

The Doctor went over and walked out in plain sight, took aim, fired, and missed him.

He was using a double-barrelled muzzle-loader, and he stood with the shots flying thick about him as he quietly loaded his gun. Then, waiting till the Indian circled again, he put the gun to his shoulder and fired. The horse staggered forward, and before the rider could recover himself the rifle cracked again, and both horse and rider dropped lifeless on the prairie. The shots had been fired in such quick succession, and with such deadly aim, that it seemed like one shot which had finished them both.

The Indians came out and tried to carry the dead warrior away; but the soldiers charged them so quickly that they were glad to escape without him, and when brought into camp he proved to be the great chief, Wolf-Catcher.

Frightened and confused at the death of their leader, the Indians soon gave up the fight, and the soldiers took the emigrants with them to the fort, and sent back teams for their wagons.

The Doctor astonished the soldiers with his flying shots, and soon won a great reputation among them as the best shot at the fort. This reputation was established by shooting a match for one hundred dollars with one of the officers, and beating him, which was the first defeat he had ever suffered in his life.

Winter came down upon them before Bruster was well enough to leave the fort, and it was a cold, frosty morning when they set out for the head of the Republican river. The weather was very cold when they reached their destination, and they hastened to prepare themselves a rude shelter, which they called a "dug-out," on the bank of the stream. Here they remained, trapping very successfully until nearly spring, when an accident interrupted the calm course of their happy existence.

Coming in from a solitary excursion down the stream one day, Bruster found his companion stretched insensible on the hard floor. At first he thought some strolling Indian must have stolen upon him unawares and shot him as he entered the door, but when he lifted the stalwart form and laid it on their bed of skins he saw no trace of any wound, and rejoiced to find the long bright hair crowning him with its accustomed glory. He set about restoring his friend to consciousness, and was soon rewarded by seeing the bright eyes open with a questioning look.

"What has happened?"

"That's for you to tell, Doc. What do you mean by

stretching out in such an unpleasantly lifeless way, and scaring the breath out of the friend of your heart?"

"I remember, now," he answered, laughing, though his face was pale and drawn. "I wish I could tell you that I died in battle, or fell bravely fighting, or something heroic; but it was only a careless tumble. Won't you just look at that leg? I think it must be broken, for it wouldn't hold when I picked myself up and tried to stand on it; and so I contrived to drag myself in, and gave up as soon as I got here. I'd no idea my bones were so brittle."

He was suffering terribly. Bruster found that the leg was badly broken, and he set and bandaged it as well as he could.

"I guess you'll have to go to the fort for help, old boy," said the Doctor.

"And leave you here to die alone? It may be days before I can get back to you, and the Indians will scalp and the wild beasts will devour you, before I can possibly bring help."

"We'll try it, any way. Pile up some wood handy, so I needn't freeze; load the guns and put them in reach, and fortify me with something to eat, and I'm good for a whole tribe of braves and any beast you've a mind to bring yet."

The arrangements were made, and with many sorrowful misgivings the faithful friend started out in a blinding snow-storm to find the fort. He was soon bewildered, but continued to push on all that night and till the middle of the next afternoon, and was thinking he must be near the fort, when his horse suddenly stopped and he found himself back in his own camp.

The Doctor had suffered greatly through the night, but he laughed when his crest-fallen companion entered and announced that he had been travelling in a circle.

"You did well, even to find the camp again, and you owe that to your horse," he said. "I think I'd make a better

traveller on one leg. Never mind, though ; I'll have the comfort of your company through this dismal storm, and as soon as it's over you can start out again. Don't be in such a hurry next time ; follow the course of the stream, and you'll be all right."

The storm lasted several days ; but as soon as it cleared up Bruster made his friend as comfortable as possible, and started once more for the fort. He had nearly reached it, and was rejoicing that he should so soon be able to bring the needed assistance to his comrade, when he was surrounded and captured by a band of Indians, who carried him to their camp. He threatened, coaxed, and tried to bribe them with offers of sugar, ammunition, and fire-water in unlimited quantities, if they would only take him to the fort, or give him his liberty ; but it was June before he succeeded in making his escape, and he had been tortured constantly with visions of his helpless friend waiting and watching for him, as he lay slowly dying day by day.

He hastened to the fort and told his mournful story. They gave him horses and sent some men with him to see if they could find any remains of the unfortunate man and give them decent burial. When they reached the hill overlooking the camp there was no sign of any life about. All was lonely, silent, and deserted. Sick at heart, the strong man waited long before he could summon courage to go down to the old "dug-out." A hurrying bat's wings brushed his face, and a human skeleton lay at his feet. Inside were two more skeletons, and everything else was gone.

"He must have been attacked by Indians," thought Bruster, "and killed two of them before they finished him. They've carried off our little stores ; the wild beasts have finished what the savage fiends commenced, and there is nothing left to distinguish the bones of my brave and true comrade from those of his devilish murderers."

As he stood sorrowfully contemplating the dismal scene he heard a shuffling sound behind him, and, turning, saw a wild-looking, strange old man, with long, gray, matted beard, sunken cheeks, and tangled gray hair, and eyes that glittered like the Ancient Mariner's as he seemed to look the young intruder through and through.

Bruster's hand sought his revolver, but before he could draw it the stranger had placed the muzzle of his rifle unpleasantly near his face, and said, with a loud, harsh laugh : —

“Put down your hand and tell me who you are.”

He was too scared and bewildered at first to reply, but finally found voice to tell his name and explain his errand.

“Why did you desert your friend and leave him here to die alone?” said the strange old man, lowering his rifle.

Bruster, somewhat reassured, narrated the events just described, when the old man extended his hand and said : —

“Send those men back to the fort ; come with me, and I will take you to your comrade.”

They proceeded about two miles down the river, and stopped in a dark and gloomy spot in the shadow of a great cliff. The stranger whistled softly, and in a moment a head appeared far up the cliff and as instantly disappeared again. In a few moments the willows near them rustled, and a little Indian boy came out in a canoe. Following the direction of his strange companion, Bruster stepped into the canoe, closely followed by the old man, and they pushed through the willows and entered a large cave. Paddling in for some distance, the canoe was brought up alongside of a great ladder that leaned against the rocky side of the cavern.

“Climb to the top,” said the old man.

Bruster obeyed, and found himself on solid ground in a

low, broad cave. A fire was burning in the far end of the underground room, and in its flickering light he saw the figure of a man, sitting in a careless attitude, as if asleep. The old man followed up the ladder, and, taking Bruster by the sleeve, led him directly up to the man, saying, shortly:—

“ Doctor Carver, here is a friend of yours.”

The Doctor, for it was surely he, sprang to his feet, exclaiming, “ Bruster, old pard, is it possible you have come back at last?” and the two men shook hands wildly, laughed, asked a dozen questions in a breath, and finally hugged each other like a couple of girls, and then sat down to a sober recital of their different stories.

“ I had done some pretty solid suffering,” said the Doctor, “ and I guess I must have got delirious at last, for I seemed to come out of a long sleep or something, very weak and hungry, and I found that my fire had gone quite out. I knew that I must manage to kindle it again, or freeze to death; so I made a desperate effort, and had dragged myself out of bed, just as the door opened and three Indians rushed in. I grabbed my revolver in a twinkling, and commenced to shoot, and that is the last that I remember till I awoke in this place, on a nice bed of furs, and found that young Indian bending over me.”

“ Who is that phantom-like old fellow who brought me up here?” questioned Bruster.

“ His name is Charles Raymond. He started for California several years ago, but his train was surrounded and captured by Indians, and all his family murdered. Then he wandered about from place to place until he stumbled upon this cave, and here he has lived, a regular hermit, ever since.”

“ But what good angel sent him to you in such a providential fashion?”

“ Why, the old fellow knew when we first came here.

He watched us build our house, and his tracks were the Indian tracks we thought we saw when we first camped, if you remember. He knew when you left to go to the fort, and was living within a stone's throw of us all the time we were hunting and trapping up and down the river. When the Indians came to our camp he followed them, and fired just as the last one was coming in at the door. The two Indians inside were dead, and I had fainted, when he came in. He brought me to this queer home of his, bringing all our nice furs and things along with me, and here I've been ever since, nursing this sick leg and getting well and strong again."

They remained a month with the old hermit. Doctor Carver's splendid constitution had never been impaired by the dissipation and irregular habits of civilized life. He never used strong drink, retired early, and rose with the first peep of day, and all his habits were temperate and simple. His early out-door life had trained and developed his great natural strength, and his pure, clean blood had never been vitiated by foul air and civilized excesses. So he was able to withstand hurts and hardships that would have told fatally on feebler frames. His broken leg was soon entirely well, with only the rude care his strange companions had been able to give it, and they prepared to depart for Fort Kearney again.

The Doctor offered their choicest robes to the old cave man, who had come to his relief so providentially; but the old man would only consent to keep them as a pledge that the gay, stout-hearted guest who had made such sunshine in his underground abode would one day come back to it again.

During the summer at the fort several rifle-matches were arranged; but after the Doctor had won four or five they gave it up, as no one at the fort would shoot against him. It was their delight, however, to trap any stranger that

came among them, whose pretensions as a shot would justify it, into trying a match with him, and they would take great delight in the stranger's defeat and discomfiture. The soldiers, of course, were trained riders, and a big horseback match for a thousand dollars was gotten up; but Doctor Carver's early training had made him as familiar and as skilful with a horse as with a rifle, and after that exhibition of perfect marksmanship they proposed no farther trials of skill to the Doctor, but freely acknowledged him champion. The match was to kill five plovers out of twelve, with a shot-gun, and shoot from a horse's back, the horse to be on a run, and he won the match, killing ten instead of five out of the twelve.

In the fall the two friends determined to go out trapping again. They proceeded up the Red Willow, and were very successful with their traps, till towards spring, when the stream froze nearly to the bottom. Then they commenced to hunt and poison wolves, and by spring they had made about eight hundred dollars apiece, and concluded to take a trip in the southern country. But just at this time the Doctor made a contract to shoot buffalo, and the trip was postponed. He commenced shooting at \$2.50 a head, and was making money very fast, when one day, as he was out on a hunt, crossing a little stream called Muddy Creek, an Indian on the bank shot an arrow at him. It passed through the muscles of his right arm, making an ugly wound, from which he did not recover for several months sufficiently to shoot again.

ELK-SHOOTING.

As soon as Doctor Carver had recovered the use of his arm, he went out elk-hunting on the Loupe Fork. "Elk-shooting," he observed, "is the most exciting of all sport. You jump up a band of elk and they start off on a trot. They:

can trot very fast; but the old story about an elk trotting faster than a horse can run is a mistake. I have seen them trot, though, so fast that it took a very fleet horse to keep up with them. When hard pressed they break and run, and then they go much faster. Nothing in the world excites a man so much as the pursuit of a band of elk. The clashing horns and flying dust, the crack of the rifle and crash of the falling elk as he drops headlong before your horse, which clears him in a flying leap, head, horns, and all, and goes straight on in the mad chase,—I tell you there is no sport like it on the Plains or anywhere. A herd of seven or eight hundred elk, seen from a distance, look, with branching horns, like a great brush thicket. The elk is a beautiful, splendid animal, and noble game for any hunter.”

One day, when the friends were out shooting, they saw an elk crossing a long divide. He had been badly frightened at something. They stopped to look at him, and he saw them on the same instant; but the distance was so great that he could not make out what they were. He ran down a deep canyon, and Bruster, putting his horse to its full speed, stopped on a height just above the point where he thought the animal would come out.

“I got in position,” said he, “and turned my head, and there stood the elk within twenty feet of me. While I was looking for him to come out below me he had climbed up and walked along the cliff to that point. His eyes looked fairly human as they met mine, and I never saw a grander picture than he made as he stood for an instant looking at me. Then, before I could make up my mind to shoot, he had jumped down the bank, at least twenty-five feet, and got away from me.”

A band of elk will sometimes become demoralized and wholly bewildered by the sudden appearance of man; but they soon learn to know what that appearance means, and make an extra lively retreat.

The Doctor and his companion had been hunting on Stinking Water, and, well satisfied with their success, started back to Blackwood, where they camped for a day, and, starting early the next morning, expected to cross Red Willow and reach the Medicine that same afternoon. The country was covered with about two feet of snow. They left the trail and struck out across country to shorten the journey. They had ridden about forty miles, and it was growing late in the day, when they saw seven elk walk out on the top of a high hill and stand clearly out against the gray wintry sky as they seemed to be looking across the long expanse of glittering snow at our travellers, who were walking and leading their horses.

"Let's stop and rest," said the Doctor, "and I'll kill one of those fellows."

"They are too far away," replied Bruster.

"How far do you suppose it is from here?"

"About a thousand yards."

"I will shoot through the seven-hundred-yard sight," said the Doctor.

He took aim, and fired. There was no change or movement in the band.

"Missed!" said the Doctor. "I'll shoot once more, and then if I fail I'll — keep right on shooting, for I know I can hit them."

He was about to pull the trigger, when an elk suddenly reeled and fell. The rest of the herd seemed bewildered and astonished at the strange performance of their companion, and huddled together as if in consultation.

The Doctor fired again, and another elk walked out a few steps and stopped. Then he fired six more shots in rapid succession, and every shot told, for when they reached the hill they found that with eight shots he had killed every elk, and one had been hit twice, the shots taking effect not two inches apart.

Bruster looked at his friend in amazement.

"How do you manage to do it, Doc.? What uncanny spirit have you made an ally to guide the balls you send so carelessly?"

"It's judgment and a good aim, my boy. I think my unfailing judgment of distance is my best ally. But come, don't stand staring at me; you must have looked exactly like that when you met those cheerful skeletons down at the old camp. Here's some game to cut up, you see, and if I do the shooting you ought to help carve. We'll have to camp in the snow to-night; but I wouldn't have missed this sport for a whole week in the snow."

The next day they reached the Medicine, and stopped on a high bluff overhanging the stream.

"Some day," said Doctor Carver, "I will have me a home on this stream. I don't want to live like our old hermit, exactly, but there's no one but you that I want to live with me. Come out here with me in the spring, and see what a home I'll make here. I mean to end my days on this very spot."

"Don't commence now," said Bruster, "if you intend to reach the Platte this season. Making allowance for the little shooting affairs you're likely to have on the way, it may take us till spring to get there."

They crossed the Medicine, and travelled quietly across country to the Platte. Riding down the Platte valley they saw a wagon-train approaching, and when within about a mile of them a swarm of Indians rushed out of the hills and surrounded it. They dashed on to the assistance of the train, but the Indians seeing them sent out a number of their band to cut off their approach. They pressed them very closely, and commenced to shoot. The Doctor dismounted and, taking aim at the nearest, fired. A horse leaped up in the air and fell dead, and its Indian rider picked himself up and ran for the hills. There was lively

firing for a few minutes, several Indians falling dead or wounded, and their companions dragging them away. The Doctor and his companion reached the train at last, unhurt, and found it consisted of soldiers on their way to Fort McPherson. They were too much for the Indians, who, after hanging about the train and fighting for nearly two hours, and losing several men, gave it up and went back to the hills. Our hunters joined the train, and went with them to the fort. They spent several days there, making friends with the officers and soldiers, and enjoying the hospitalities of the fort, and then started out to hunt buffalo in the southern country, going nearly down to Kansas.

The Doctor was a famous buffalo-hunter, often killing thirty-five and forty in one run. He would kill two at a shot, going at full speed, the ball hitting the animal aimed at, passing through, and killing another beside him. The remainder of the winter was spent in buffalo-hunting, and in the spring they returned to the fort, and prepared for a roving expedition into Arkansas, deer-hunting and pistol-shooting.

They travelled south as fast as possible to St. Louis, stopped there a few days, and then went to Springfield, Missouri, where they remained and hunted quail for some time. It was one of the best quail countries in the world, and the Doctor distinguished himself and astonished his friends, as usual, with his shooting. He would shoot quail and grouse flying, with a Springfield gun, calibre fifty, and if he missed two out of twenty would think he was shooting very badly. Their next stopping-place was Washburn, Missouri, where they shot a pistol-match and several rifle-matches. Thence they travelled two days down into Arkansas, passed over Pea Ridge battle-field, and camped at Elkhorn tavern. About one day's drive from there they arrived at Prairie Creek, and from that point hunted deer with hounds. They would start a deer on Prairie Creek

and it would run four miles, to Whitewater river, and return again. The country was full of deer, and they had excellent sport. After hunting for several months they set out to return to Nebraska, the Doctor announcing his unchanged determination to make him a home on the Medicine.

His friends tried to persuade him that it was folly, and that he would soon weary of his project.

"It's no use," said Bruster; "the Doctor is the most determined man you ever met. When his mind is made up you might as well try to move a mountain as to change it."

He went alone to the Medicine to make him a home. It was autumn, and the country was full of Indians. The familiar landscape met him like an old friend, and he felt happier than he had been for months as he gayly set about building his house.

The first night that he went into solitary camp upon the Medicine he has reason long to remember. He had not seen any Indians, so he ventured to make a fire to boil his coffee and cook something to eat. When his supper was prepared he sat down to eat it by his crackling fire, and had poured out some coffee in his tin cup, that he was just raising to his lips, when an arrow came whizzing through the cup, shooting it out of his hand and nearly blinding him with hot coffee.

He made a forcible remark as he sprang suddenly to his feet, all appetite for supper gone with the cup, and kicked the fire in every direction, stamping out the embers. Then he lay flat down in the long grass and weeds, perfectly quiet, while the Indians hunted for him, gliding so near that their moccasins brushed him where he lay, till one of them stepped on him and took a sudden header into space. Then the Doctor sprang to his feet and commenced shooting with his Henry rifle. The Indians had never seen anything like it. The constant, steady blaze bewildered and alarmed them. They thought that a gun that would shoot right

along for two minutes would keep on shooting forever, and the man who could keep it blazing away, and hit so often in the darkness, could be nothing but an evil spirit, or a bad medicine-man.

Next morning the Indians renewed the attack, determined to learn what sort of mysterious weapon it was that in the hands of one mysterious man could do the work of at least a dozen well-armed savages. They surrounded him upon a little knoll, and one after another would approach him curiously, but always stop at a safe distance, quite unable to summon courage enough to advance. He kept up a constant fire, and they finally scattered and slunk away, convinced that he was an Evil Spirit, against whom they were powerless to contend. And indeed he seemed to bear a charmed life. Arrows and bullets passed him by as harmlessly as if turned aside by some supernatural power. The Indians continued to hang about and watch him with great curiosity, but they ceased to molest him, for the time, and he went quietly about his house-building.

Bruster, who had remained at the fort, became restless and uneasy without his friend, longed for their old wild life together, and soon started out to join him in his home on the Medicine. He travelled by night, to elude the Indians, who are very superstitious, and will not attack people at night unless it is clear moonlight or they are camped by a bright fire. He reached the Doctor's camp without accident, and was warmly welcomed by his old partner, who was busily working away at his little house.

"I thought you'd give it up, Doc, when it came right down to a game of solitaire."

"You ought to have known me better, my boy. When we are a little better acquainted, perhaps after we've lived together a few years longer, you will learn that when I've said a thing you might as well call it done, for done it's sure to be, sooner or later."

Together they had soon completed a snug log-cabin, on the very spot the Doctor had selected the year before, and there they remained for many seasons, going out often on long hunting and trapping excursions, but always returning to their little castle on the Medicine. One of the guides from the fort became greatly attached to the Doctor, and would stay with them for months, sometimes remaining in charge of the camp while they went on their long expeditions. Their acquaintance commenced in droll fashion.

Dick was riding quietly down Cottonwood canyon one day when a bullet whizzed past, unpleasantly close to his right ear. Turning, he beheld a stalwart Indian on horseback in close pursuit. He put his horse to its fullest speed, and fancied he had distanced his pursuer, when another bullet came flying past and buried itself in the ground just ahead of him, followed by another and another, in such rapid succession, and always coming so frightfully near, that he fancied a thousand Indians were after him, and was so nearly frightened to death that it would have been easy work to finish him. When he learned that the bloodthirsty band of savages was only Dr. Carver in disguise, with his undisguised Winchester rifle, who had been amusing himself a little at his expense, he gravely remarked : —

“ 'Twa'n't no joke, I can tell you. I don't expect my hair will ever lay down so that I can wear a hat again. They say that Carver can do the best hittin' ever was, with a rifle ; but I'm rightly certain he can do the most scientific missin'.”

This was one of the Doctor's favorite amusements. Disguised as an Indian — and his disguise was so perfect that the Indians themselves could not detect it — he would come suddenly upon some unwary stranger or some of his own friends, and, closely pursuing, would send the shots flying so thick about them that they would fancy themselves surprised

and surrounded, and fairly feel their scalps lifting as the bullets whistled past their ears, he could shoot so frightfully near without hitting. But after he had succeeded in scaring them enough he would make himself known, and be so courteous and kind, taking them to his house if they happened to be near it, and showing them every civility, that they would forgive the joke he had enjoyed at their expense, though they could not so soon forget it.

The friends had great sport hunting antelope. They would stick their ramrods in the ground, with a red cloth tied to one end, and, retiring a little distance, would watch the timid little animals come up to examine the strange object, stop, snort, and retreat a little distance and then return, nearer and nearer till they were within a few yards of the hunters, and so become easy prey. Antelopes have a great deal of curiosity, and it frequently costs them their lives; but, like everything else, when once deceived they soon learn to suspect tricks, and will run from a red rag as quickly as from a man.

"Bruster," said the Doctor one day, as they were returning from one of these hunts, "how would you like to visit an Indian burying-ground? In civilized countries they take the illustrious stranger to their great tombs and cemeteries. You shall be the illustrious stranger, and I'll show you how the Indians do those things."

Bruster agreed, and they set out the following morning. Leaving the Medicine they struck out for Red Willow on an old Indian trail, and travelled for miles through the buffalo country. During all the forenoon's travel they were never out of sight of buffalo. At noon they stopped to lunch and rest their horses, and were having a quiet chat, when they suddenly saw on the summit of a little hill, scarcely a mile away, a band of Indians, who were watching them in evident surprise.

"I think we've rested long enough," said the Doctor.

"Let's get out of this as quick as possible;" and mounting their horses they rode rapidly on.

From the summit of a small hill they saw at a distance a low, heavy cloud, hanging miles to their left. The Indians, instead of attacking them, seemed intently watching the approaching cloud, which had a lurid, threatening look as it came nearer.

"The prairie is on fire," said the Doctor; and the faint smell of smoke that came to them on the rising wind seemed to confirm it. The country for hundreds of miles was covered with buffalo-grass about two inches high, which made splendid fuel for the flames that kept coming nearer until they could distinguish a bright blaze, leaping, they judged, full twenty feet into the air. A wolf rushed past them, and the next moment a band of frightened antelope dashed by, ran a short distance, stopped, looked back, and ran again. The Indians had disappeared. Birds whizzed blindly past and over them, and the fiercest wild beasts that prey upon each other and on man rushed past in crowds together in the flight for life. The smoke was becoming unbearable.

"What shall we do?" said Bruster.

"Keep quiet a few minutes, and it will soon be over," said the Doctor.

A distant sound now reached them that soon deepened to a roar. The sun was hid in clouds of lurid smoke, the air was full of burning cinders, and against the rising wall of flame dark objects were seen moving in a resistless mass. They came, driven onward by the hurrying blaze, a maddened, blinded herd of buffalo, with their great heads held down and their tongues hanging out of their mouths as they rushed on like a great sea.

"We shall be trampled into the earth," thought Bruster, but the Doctor stood with his rifle, coolly waiting their approach, and, when they came within twenty feet, com-

menaced to fire. A buffalo fell dead before him ; the others tried to halt for a moment, but were pushed onward by the relentless mass behind them, and, as the Doctor continued to fire, they divided and rushed by on each side.

“Set the grass on fire behind our horses,” said the Doctor.

Bruster knelt, with his back to the wind, and, striking a match, soon sent a bright flame shooting high in the air. The fire sped fast, and was now burning all around them. Mounting their horses, they charged through the flame into the burnt space made by the fire they had kindled, almost smothered by the terrible smoke. The wind blew a gale ; buffalo continued to dash by, and soon fire and buffalo were running together. The poor animals would stagger and fall, burned and smothered to death ; and antelope, with every bit of hair burned from their bodies, flashed by them out of the cruel flame. The men, scorched and stifled, put their blankets over the heads of their terrified horses, to keep them from breathing in the flames, and waited till the herd had passed, closely followed by the fire, which, when it reached the burnt ground, shot high in the air and died out. The wind soon blew the smoke past them, and they stood in the midst of the blankest desolation ; the fire still blazing fiercely beyond them, while the earth, that had been covered with beautiful buffalo-grass, was burnt all bare and black, and dotted with the carcasses of dead animals. They contemplated the dreary scene in silence for a little while and then started on their journey.

AMONG THE DEAD.

It was almost dark when they reached the Red Willow. The country on one side of the stream was black and desolate ; on the other it was covered with golden buffalo-grass, with wild animals feeding in every direction. In attempt-

ing to cross the stream one of the horses mired, delaying them for some time, so that it was quite dark when they reached the other side, and the Doctor thought it best to ride several miles up the stream, and camp, if possible, in the neighborhood of the Indian burying-ground.

Riding up on the top of a hill, they had a magnificent view of the burning country they had left. For miles and miles there was one sea of burning flame, that rose and fell in the strong wind, in billows, and running up the sides of the hills, and blazing down the little canyons, made the grandest spectacle that could be imagined in the still darkness of the night.

They were proceeding up the stream when the Doctor's horse suddenly came to a full stop, and the Doctor's face came in contact with something not especially downy to the touch. He reached up and caught it in his hand, and the moon shining out at that instant disclosed the bones of a human leg, which, with the other framework of a once noble savage, was dangling from the branches of the tree they were riding under, the grinning skull staring at them in the pale moonlight. The Doctor struck his horse sharply, saying, "We won't camp right here," and the startled animal, springing forward, caught in a grape-vine, lunged and shook the tree, which showered them with its ghastly fruit, a storm of human bones. A cold chill crept over them, and the unearthly howl of a gray wolf made their hair stand on end as they rode down nearer the stream to camp. They unsaddled their horses, and regaling themselves on jerked meat, for which the day's adventure had given them a hearty appetite, rolled themselves in their blankets, and were soon sound asleep. Awakened in the morning by the sun shining in his face, Bruster looked up, and beheld, directly above him, another buried Indian, and, turning, saw another lying not three feet away from them. The Doctor was sleeping soundly, and, hastening to quit

such cheerful bedfellows, Bruster started for a little stroll away from among the dead.

The Indians had camped for a long time near the place, and had left many of their number among the trees. They do not always dispose of their dead in this way. If they are travelling, or in a hurry, they will just as often put them in the ground; and when a squaw dies, unless she is the wife or daughter of a chief, they bury her out of sight with as little trouble as possible, often putting her in the first hole they come to. But if the deceased be a brave or a chief, they take great pains to select a tree that is perfectly sound and well sheltered from the wind, and, making him a sort of rude case of rawhidés, they fasten the branches together in such a manner, if possible, as to give the remains a horizontal position, place his gun and pipes, and everything he valued, by his side, with food to eat, and kill his horses under the tree, so that he need not walk the long journey to the happy hunting-grounds, and leave him in the branches of the tree; but they sometimes carry food to him for weeks, and imagine it sustains him on his journey to the Spirit Land.

This Spirit Land was variously and vaguely located by them. If they lived on the seashore, it was always "beyond the great water;" or, if near the mountains, it was "beyond the high mountains;" but always as "far, far away," as it is in the belief of the enlightened pale-faces. Others still believe that the worlds are piled up, one above another, and must be traversed one by one, before the released spirit finds its abiding-place.

A short visit satisfied our hunters, and they started to return by the route they had previously taken. Travelling over the burnt country, so completely divested of all verdure that they could not find one meal for a horse on the whole journey, they gladly returned to the Medicine. They were often gone for a month at a time on hunting and trapping

excursions, leaving Dick, the faithful guide, in charge of the camp. Where they expected to stay for any length of time, they would make a little cabin, with a narrow passage underground, through which they could creep, coming out by some neighboring rock or tree, to take observations of the movements of any hostile bands of savages that might attack them. Dr. Carver had been left alone in one of these cabins, while Bruster went back to camp for ammunition. Going out to look at the traps, he was surprised by a band of Indians, who pursued him to the very door, which he slipped through and fastened before they could force an entrance. They immediately commenced with hideous yells to pile up leaves and brush and dried branches around the little cabin, which they set on fire, and then, gathering around it so their victim could not possibly escape, they watched it burn to the ground. Scarcely had the last flame died away, when crack came the report of a rifle, followed by another and another in quick succession, and there, a few yards away stood the tall, fair man whom they had all seen go into the little cabin that was now a smoking ruin at their feet, and none had seen him come out. Yelling, "It is the Evil Spirit with his spirit gun," they scattered and fled, leaving their dead comrades where they had fallen. Bruster, coming back, found the Doctor camping serenely in open air, and not an Indian in the neighborhood.

Dr. Carver had scattered a band of Indians whom he found trying to burn his home on the Medicine, one night as he returned from a hunt, and, pursuing them to their camp, had picked up on the trail a crumpled little note from a captive lady, entreating the finder to rescue her and her little girl, who had been captured by the Indians on their way to California. He disguised himself as an Indian, and, travelling day and night upon the trail, overtook the savage band, and spent months among them, unsuspected, before he could succeed in effecting the escape of the captives,

whom he brought back with him to his little home. The lady's husband had been killed when the wagon-train was attacked; her brother in California, to whom she sent letter after letter, never made the least response, and for several years they remained welcome inmates of the Doctor's home. The mother finally married and removed to Kansas, taking her beautiful young daughter with her, and forbidding Dick, whom she had promised to marry, ever to see her again. Two years later Dick followed them to Kansas, and reached the little town of Abilene just in time to prevent the young lady's marriage with another by shooting her dead at the altar. Her mother, whose brother is still in California, went wholly insane, and for a long time wandered about the streets of the little town calling for her child. Dick escaped and became the leader of a gang of frontier cut-throats. Going one night to the Doctor's home, disguised as an Indian, to steal his famous trick horse, "Surprise," which he had always coveted, he was discovered at the door of the cave where the horse was kept, by the Doctor and his friend Bradford, and shot for an Indian. When they discovered that it was their old guide and faithful friend for years, they made him a grave on Sunset Hill, overlooking the little valley, and left him in that lone, romantic spot, — the first white man ever buried on the Medicine.

"Surprise" was the delight of the Doctor's heart. A magnificent great dappled-gray horse, with almost human intelligence; they were companions in too many mad adventures and exploits not to have the keenest sympathy and affection for each other. The noble animal seemed to understand his master's slightest wish before it could be expressed, and to fulfil it with more than human sagacity. The fleetest horse they ever encountered could not overtake him in a race, and the slowest they ever matched speed with was only beaten by a short distance, "Surprise" maintaining a moderate pace that kept his opponent within a

certain distance to the end; and later, when the master varied the shooting of savage prey with the more peaceful pastime of smashing glass balls, the splendid animal would allow him to shoot the ball from his head, taking the fire full in his face without flinching. He was trained to many tricks, and was the truest friend and most amusing companion his master ever had.

In buffalo-killing, Dr. Carver eclipsed the famous Buffalo Bill, who good-naturedly acknowledged him as a superior shot. The two men met occasionally at the forts and in the chase, and had a hearty admiration and friendship for each other. The Doctor's fame became border-wide, and he received many contracts for killing elk and buffalo. He would shoot sixty-three buffaloes in one run, which is the greatest number ever killed by one man in a single run.

“ And the happy, careless rovers,
Through the wilds he wandered over,
Told his deeds by glade and cover
All along the wild frontier.
Oft the squirrel, listening near,
When long-parted comrades greeted,
Heard the wondrous tales repeated;
Heard that when the game was started,
Sped their fortunes well or not,
He was still the lightest-hearted,
And the surest rifle shot.”

In 1873 the Doctor got a contract to shoot elk, and, going up into the Loupe country, killed in two weeks two hundred and thirty elk, which more than filled his contract, besides eighty deer and several buffalo. Then, returning to the southern country, he commenced preparations to spend the winter in hunting and trapping. Taking his old companion, Bruster, they went to the head of the Medicine, thirty miles from home, and commenced trapping in good earnest. They had been about two weeks trapping quietly and successfully, and were congratulating themselves that they had

possession of the whole country, when they were surprised one morning, on going down to look at their traps, to see traces of Indians.

As they were examining them, a horseman suddenly came in sight on the hill above, looked down at them for a moment, and then came on at full speed. As he drew near, they were delighted to recognize, in the dashing horseman, the fine proportions and handsome face of Texas Jack.

He was in a great hurry, having come for the Doctor to help him in following the trail of a band of Indians who had stolen some horses at the fort.

"I went after them," said Jack, "and followed the trail easily enough for a ways, but then they separated, and I got confused, and I'm blest if I can see any trace of them."

"Come back to camp, Jack, and I'll soon be ready," said the Doctor, promptly.

As they rode away, Bruster stood looking after them thinking what perfect horsemen, and what an unusually splendid pair of men they were; nearly of the same size, and very similar in bearing, while their perfect knowledge of the Plains and the habits of the Indians, with their kind and genial dispositions, made them loved by the white men and feared by the red.

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ON THE TRAIL.

They soon reached the camp, and, taking what could be conveniently carried, started for the Republican river, where Bill had lost the trail, the Indians having separated on discovering that they were pursued. When they reached the camp they found the soldiers very much disgusted, having given up all hope of overtaking the savages, and feeling perfectly willing to go back ingloriously to the fort. They pointed out the trail to the Doctor, and after following it a short distance, every sign disappeared to the eyes of his

companions. But he kept steadily on, as if he knew where he was going, when for hours they could see nothing resembling the sign of a trail.

His life among the Indians had made him familiar with all their ways, and sharpened his natural instincts, which, with his superior judgment and intelligence, made it impossible for them to deceive him, and he continued, as fast as his horse could walk, keeping the trail as easily as if it had been a beaten track. Late in the afternoon he stopped and picked up a shoe of one of the captured horses. The whole command was delighted, and followed with renewed courage for three days longer.

"They are travelling by night," said Dr. Carver.

"How can you tell?"

"Look at the branches of that tree; they never rode through them in that style by daylight. And the little canyon we just passed they crossed in a very bad place, when there was a good crossing just above it. They must have come upon it in the dark. When they ride straight up to the bank of a stream, and then ride up or down to find a crossing, or their tracks come right up close to a rock before they pass around it, you may know that they are travelling by night, and have come upon these things before they know it."

They followed the Indians far into their own country, captured several, regained their horses and returned triumphantly to the fort. Then the Doctor and his friend went back to their home on the Medicine, and remained till nearly spring, when they took their furs to the fort and sold them. Soon after their return to the Medicine, General Reynolds sent for Dr. Carver to join him at Fort McPherson, and guide to the head of the Frenchman, if possible to capture a band of Indians that had caused a great deal of trouble in that part of the country.

The Doctor joined the command at the fort, and, setting

out in the night, they travelled as rapidly as possible until the second day, when they crossed an Indian trail of about twenty lodges. Following it for a short distance they came upon another trail leading into it, and the General decided to follow this trail and see where it would bring them. At about nine o'clock in the evening the Doctor came riding back to the command and reported Indians ahead.

"Have you seen them?" inquired the General.

"No, but can't you smell the smoke?"

No one could detect it; but feeling certain that the Doctor's keen smell had not deceived him, they travelled on in silence along the trail, moving as quietly as possible for perhaps another mile, when the Doctor met them again and reported a fire on their right in the edge of a little grove. Cautiously surrounding it, they discovered that it was only a fire, and the Indians were gone. The Doctor examined the ground about, and said the fire had been made by the Indians in charge of the herd, and that they could not be far away. They moved quietly forward until the command to halt was given, the Doctor announcing that they were upon the village. Four of the men dismounted and crawled forward to the top of a little hill, but could see nothing in the darkness, though the Doctor insisted that the Indians were not three hundred yards away. Presently the bark of a dog, followed soon after by the cry of a child, convinced them that he was right. Dividing the command, a portion commanded by the Doctor went in a circuit, so as to get above the camp; the others waited below: and it was agreed that they should make a simultaneous attack at a given signal. The Doctor's command was soon in position, and lay quietly on the ground awaiting the daylight. At the first streak of dawn they moved quietly down the canyon till they came upon the herd of horses which commenced to snort and run. Then the signal sounded, and they started on a trot, which soon

changed to a run, as reaching the camp they charged through it and back, shooting right and left.

The Indians were taken by surprise, but soon commenced a terrible fire from behind trees and rocks. After a lively battle of perhaps thirty minutes, the camp was in possession of the white soldiers, who had killed thirty Indians and captured several more, with a number of squaws. After the camp was taken, a squaw came out of one of the lodges, leading two little white children, and when she saw that escape was impossible she stabbed them both to death before the soldiers could interfere. There was an instant rush, and then the squaw fell, literally riddled with bullets. Tearing down the lodges, they piled them all together and set them on fire, burning fifteen hundred robes and beautiful furs.

The General was greatly pleased with the result of the expedition, and, taking the Indian women and the horses, returned to the fort, where the Doctor remained for many months, hunting with English gentlemen, and winning such hearty admiration from Lord Medley that that gentleman proposed to take him on an expedition to Europe and Africa.

In 1875 Dr. Carver concluded to visit California and make some money at shooting; but finding the people unwilling to make high wagers, he settled in Oakland, and resumed his profession, which he followed successfully until the confinement of office-life began to tell upon his splendid constitution, and failing health admonished him to return to the more congenial and brilliant work of shooting, and he issued the following challenge to the world: —

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 12, 1877.

I will wager from \$250 to \$500 that I can beat any man in the world shooting the following 8 matches, or any one of them. First: I can break more glass balls thrown from a Bogardus trap, 25 yards

rise, than any man in the world. Second: I can break 1,000 glass balls quicker with a shot-gun than any man living. Third: I can break more glass balls shooting from a horse's back, the horse to be on a run, 21 yards from the balls, than any man in the world can break, 30 yards, and stand on the ground. Fourth: I can break more glass balls with a rifle, the balls to be thrown into the air, than any man in the world can break with a shot-gun and shoot 30 yards, using a Bogardus trap. Fifth: I can break 100 glass balls quicker with a Winchester rifle than any man in the world can break them with a shot-gun. Sixth: I can break two glass balls thrown into the air at the same time, making a double shot and loading the gun once, while the balls are in the air, using a Winchester rifle. Seventh: I can make more fancy shots with a rifle than any man in the world. Eighth: I will wager \$1,000 that I can kill more buffalo in one run, shooting from a horse's back, than any man in the world, and, if buffalo are not to be found, will shoot elk, and go on the prairie at any time.

Not one has been found willing to accept this challenge, though it has received much comment, and some very amusing responses from credulous Easterners; and Dr. Carver is thus the undisputed champion shot of the world. Since issuing the above challenge he has shot and won many matches on the Pacific coast, and received the most enthusiastic encomiums from the press. "It is useless to call his art skill; it is simply inspiration," says the "Territorial Enterprise," and those who have seen him shoot, echo the sentiment. He will shoot with his gun bottom side up, and on top of his head, breaking a glass ball as it is thrown into the air; will, three times out of four, hit quarters and dimes thrown into the air; shoots at a glass ball thrown into the air, and, missing it, reloads, fires again, and hits it before it reaches the ground; shoots a flying ball without taking aim with his gun at his hip, and he turns his back to a ball and shoots it as it flies, taking sight through a looking-glass, and performs many other feats as marvellous and seemingly impossible.

Dr. Carver is six feet and two inches in height; perfectly

proportioned, with a frank and winning face, and a quiet, modest way of narrating his exploits, when he can be prevailed upon to speak of them at all, that makes him hosts of friends wherever he goes, while the most daring and reckless may well dread his enmity. Physically he has few equals, and in shooting he has not an equal in the world.

A BUFFALO-HUNT WITH DR. W. F. CARVER.

BY CHARLES J. BRUSTER, WOLF'S REST, FRONTIER CO., NEB.

I made a contract with Dr. Carver on the 15th of December, 1870, to kill three hundred buffalo to ship East. I was to furnish men and teams; he was to do the shooting on horseback, and kill nothing but cows and calves.

We left Plum Creek on the 16th of December, travelled three days up the Republican river, camped on Stinking Water, near the mouth of the Frenchman.

We had been in sight of buffalo for several hours, and when we camped they stood and looked at us from the tops of hills, and walked within two hundred yards of us. At daylight the next morning the Doctor was up, and soon had everything ready for the first run. He took his little pet mare, "Red-lips," for the first run. Leading her up a canyon for several hundred yards, he got within one hundred yards of a herd of about three hundred. He continued to walk towards them until they discovered his presence, then away they went on a run. In an instant he was on his horse, going like the wind. He caught the herd in a short time, and as he neared them we saw a flash and heard the report of a rifle. A young cow fell on her knees, recovered herself, made a few bounds forward, then commenced to rock sideways, with blood streaming from her mouth and nose, and

fell lifeless on the prairie. He killed twenty-five cows and three calves on the first run, and I do not think they would average one hundred and twenty-five yards apart. Changing horses, taking "Surprise," his famous trick horse, and riding for perhaps two miles, he came in sight of another herd of several thousand, and in a few moments he was in among them shooting right and left.

In that run he killed sixty-three buffaloes and wounded many more. I never expect to witness such a sight again. The Doctor, with his long hair flying; the crack of his rifle; the little puff of blue smoke; buffaloes with blood streaming from mouth and nose, some standing, others running; the prairie crimson with blood; dust flying; a buffalo with a broken shoulder; another with a broken back, standing on his forefeet and dragging himself along, his long mane standing straight up, his eye snapping and shooting forth fire, his very look, so full of rage and fright, — would cause any one to stop and say, "What a picture! How sad to see him struggle in the last agonies of death!" Then another, shot through the lungs, ran at full speed with blood flying from nose and mouth, for perhaps fifty yards, then commenced swaying back and forth like a ship in a storm, stopped and staggered for a moment, started to run, fell headlong on the prairie, tried to rise, got part way up and fell back lifeless.

The country for miles was one mass of moving buffaloes.

This was the best run the Doctor ever made after buffalo, but he has often killed thirty-five and forty on a run.

In five days' shooting he killed three hundred and fifteen buffaloes, that we took away with us. He killed several bulls by mistake.

I have seen him kill two buffalo at one shot, going at full speed, the ball passing through the first, and killing one on the other side. On our way home from this hunt he had a very narrow escape.

I saw an old bull standing on a divide; I asked the Doctor to shoot him for me, and I would take his head home and have it set up. At the time, he was riding a big American horse that had never had a gun fired from his back, and was very ugly.

I asked the Doctor to change horses, for I was afraid his horse could not catch him. The Doctor said, "If he does not catch that bull, I will camp on his trail," and away he went over the frozen ground at full speed.

The bull saw him coming and started, but he caught him in a short run. The moment the rifle cracked, the bull charged him. The Doctor's horse turning suddenly to the right, the cincho gave way, throwing him on the ground; he grabbed at the horse and caught him by the tail. Away went the horse, bucking and kicking, the Doctor hanging by his tail. The bull charged and tried to jump on him, the blood flying from his nose and mouth all over the Doctor at every jump. The race lasted for perhaps one hundred and fifty yards, when the bull stopped; the next instant the Doctor let go; the bull saw him, charged again, and fell dead upon him.

I soon reached the spot, and with the assistance of the men rolled the bull over and picked the Doctor up for dead. We soon found that he was alive, but was cut almost to pieces, and had one leg and two ribs broken. When he recovered, I asked him what he thought when the bull was charging. He replied: "Pard, I thought of all my bad deeds, and was sure it was the last of me as I looked up in the old bull's face. I thought he had me sure. Every time he would jump in the air I thought sure he would come down on me. I thought of the happy hunting-grounds and wondered what the end would be. No more American horses for me."

I have read several articles where people have sneered at his shooting, and thought it impossible for any one to do

what he can ; but to my certain knowledge he has lived with the Indians and made his living hunting and trapping ever since he was a boy, with the exception of four or five years, when he was East.

Every Indian on the Plains knows, and they call him "Evil Spirit." I think they have good reason for giving him that name. I have seen him shoot quail and grouse flying, with a Springfield gun, calibre fifty, and if he missed two grouse in twenty would think he was shooting very badly.

I was present when he made a match to kill five plover out of twelve with a shot-gun, and shoot from a horse's back, the horse to be on a run. The match was for \$1,000 a side. He won the match, killing ten out of twelve. I backed him to shoot against Watson, from Texas, for \$1,000 a side, the match to take place in Kitsonville, Arkansas, — six shots apiece with a Colt's revolver, calibre, forty-four ; distance, thirty feet. They shot at a ring the size of a half-dollar. The Doctor shot six shots in the ring ; Watson got five in ; his last shot cut the ring in two.

On the same trip he shot a match with a Cherokee Indian, in the Creek nation, for \$250 a side, the Doctor to shoot with shot, fifteen shots, with a rifle ten ; twenty-five shots apiece ; the Indian to use a shot-gun.

The Doctor killed fifteen straight quails with the shot-gun, and seven out of ten with the rifle, and won the match by one bird. On our return home we stopped at Girard, Kansas, and went prairie-chicken shooting.

He killed thirty chickens with a pistol in one day, without a dog, and shot them all flying. The chickens were very tame and young ; but I think it excellent shooting. I think he can shoot with a pistol better than he can with a rifle.

He is one of the finest horsemen in the world, and shoots a bow and arrow as well as an Indian.

I have known him to catch three wild horses in one day, and rope them all alone, and tie them.

On his hunt with Lord Medley, he killed thirty-three elk in one run, and his horse dropped dead at the last shot. Lord Medley was so pleased that he offered to take him to England and Africa with him, and pay his expenses and give him a nice income.

He has been deer-hunting, and jumped seven deer, and killed them all with a Winchester rifle before they could get away.

I am satisfied, though you claim him for a Californian, that you know but little of the wonderful shooting powers he possesses, and I am willing to bet \$20,000 on his shooting, if any man in the world has courage enough to face him.

THE HOME OF DR. CARVER;

OR,

MY FIRST HUNT ON THE PLAINS.

BY FRED. C. BRADFORD.

WITH a hasty farewell to my family and friends I left my home in Vermont, bound for the Plains, on a big hunt after buffalo, elk, deer, and anything in the shape of game that might present itself. I had a number of shot-guns and squirrel rifles, and a sanguine expectation of slaughtering everything on the broad prairie.

I arrived at McPherson station on the Union Pacific Railroad, near the forks of the North and South Platte, bought two ponies and a pack-mule, donned a suit of buckskin, and, hiring a guide, started for the Little Medicine, the home of Dr. Carver. My arrival at the fort caused some excitement when my determination to proceed to the Medicine was known. The way lay through an Indian country, where everything of safety depended on my guide, for it would be out of the question to fight against such odds as we were likely to meet. The country was full of war-parties, and only a few days before the Indians had surprised some sick soldiers at Cottonwood Canyon, and killed several of them. Leaving the fort we soon reached the mouth of the canyon, and Dick, my guide, pointed out the historical spots, and amused me very much by a description

of his flight down this same canyon, pursued by an Indian, who afterward proved to be Dr. Carver playing Indian. "He would shoot," said Dick, "every time he came in sight. The bullets went whistling by me, and I tell you, stranger, the way I kicked and pounded that old horse was a caution. As we reached the fort, the horse staggered and fell, and I got up and ran by. They ordered out a company of soldiers to catch me, and I put them to their speed. When they did catch me they had to hold me for two weeks. This is no joke, stranger. I could not keep a hat on my head for over six months, my hair stood up so straight. That's the only time I ever was badly frightened; and look here, stranger, if Dr. Carver ever plays Indian on you, I'll bet my life you will think there are more than a thousand, though he's all alone with his Winchester rifle. You know he was captured by the Indians when he was only four years old, and has lived with them, more or less, all his life. He knows more about an Indian than any man on the Plains; and you bet they know him!"

After riding for about twelve miles, to the head of the Cottonwood Canyon, we started down the divide leading to Fox Creek. This is a peculiar-looking country, — nothing in sight but hills and canyons. The hills are covered with a grass about two inches high, called buffalo grass, which dries up about June, becoming a deep yellow, and remaining so until the next spring.

Prairie-dogs are very numerous. I was anxious to kill one; so, giving my bridle-rein to Dick, I took my rifle, satisfied in my own mind that I could kill a hundred in as many minutes.

Taking aim at the nearest, I fired, and, much to my surprise, beheld a pair of heels twinkling in the air, and my dog disappeared in an instant.

Thinking I would see the result of my shot, I approached the hole where he disappeared, when a beautiful little owl,

with yellow legs and big eyes, flew out of it. As I kneeled to get a better look, I was startled by a sharp rattle, and sprang aside just in time to escape a huge rattlesnake that slid by me down into the same burrow the dog had taken. I was quite satisfied with that exploit, and had no further desire to investigate the society of a prairie-dog village.

After riding for several hours through a strange and wild-looking country, we came to Fox Creek, and stopped to lunch and give our horses rest and water. Here the pack-mule got on the war-path, and tried to release himself of his load by doing what Dick called "some very lively bucking." He jumped up in the air, and came down on his head, jumped up again, and came down on his tail; smiled sweetly and went for the nearest mud-hole, and rolled like any mule, and got up in a very self-satisfied manner as we tried to persuade him out of the canyon. Dick went ahead of him to pull, and I went behind to push; as I did so, he reached out for me, and caught me with his left hind foot and kicked me for fifteen or twenty minutes; then dropping me on the ground, he elevated his tail and started for the Medicine. This was my first experience with a bucking mule, and I am satisfied to have it the last. We rode on in silence for several miles, when we discovered in the distance what Dick supposed to be a whirlwind. As it drew near we recognized the countenance of our truant mule, making a desperately hasty return trip without a sign of a pack.

We spent the remainder of the day in picking up the scattered contents of that pack and putting them together to be sent for from the Medicine.

On the following day we reached the summit of Sunset Hill, and looked down upon the lovely valley of the Little Medicine and the home of Dr. Carver. The stream, winding through the valley, looked like a silver thread stretching away in the dim distance. As we rode down into the val-

ley a band of three or four hundred elk arose just in front of us, and as they were disappearing from sight we were startled by the report of a rifle; a ball whistled past us, and a young elk fell headlong. Looking in the direction from whence the report came, we saw a man coming like the wind, mounted on a beautiful dapple-gray horse. "There comes the Doctor," said Dick; and we were greeted with a pleasant "Good-evening, gentlemen."

I was very much surprised to see such a fine and noble-looking man. He was a perfect picture of health, and his courteous bearing was more than I had expected, although I had been told what a perfect gentleman he was. He looked so young, too, that I could hardly believe that he was the famous shot of whom I had heard so much.

Giving us a hearty welcome, he cut up his elk, and, taking the choice parts, invited us into his frontier home.

After a hearty meal I pleaded fatigue, and retired for the night, but could not sleep; the snarl of the cayote, and the prolonged, unearthly howl of the gray wolf, with strange noises of other wild animals, and the whistling of the wind, conspired to keep me wakeful until nearly morning. I was startled from my first sleep, at about daylight, by something moving by my side. I was out of bed in an instant, looking for the other occupant. Seeing an animal that I supposed to be a beaver, I raised my gun and was about to put an end to him, when I heard a smothered laugh, and, turning, saw the Doctor and Dick watching me with great amusement. "Don't hurt my pet," said the Doctor; "he's the best friend I've got." He called "Jack! Jack!" and the beaver raised his head and, giving me a questioning look, went over and crawled close to his master, watching me all the time with his little black eyes.

When the Doctor let him out he went down to the creek to take his bath, and as I watched him trace off with his little legs, I thought what a stupid-looking animal he was,

for one that possessed so much instinct. To look at a beaver, and judge from his appearance, one would not believe it possible that, with his four incisors, two in each jaw, he could cut down trees and build dams; cut wood and lay it up for winter, and with his little flat tail drive stakes and shovel mud, and make a dam look like the work of man.

After breakfast I proposed to go with the Doctor to visit his traps. His little Indian boy brought our horses, and after a ride of about ten miles up the Medicine, we came to the first trap. The Doctor dismounted, and, letting his horse stand, approached the spot very carefully, took a look, and then stole softly away, saying that to make a success of trapping it was very necessary to make no sign of your presence in the country. The discharge of a gun, or a footstep on top of a dam, would frighten the beavers so much that it would be almost impossible to catch one for a week at least. The next trap had a beaver, and I dismounted to see the manner of catching them. The Doctor caught hold of a dry pole, to which the trap was fastened with a chain about six feet long. Pulling it out of the water and dragging the beaver ashore, he took him out of the trap and proceeded to set it again. The trap was double spring No. 2, Newhouse. A great deal of practice is required to enable a person to set them, as the spring is very strong. Setting the trap in about three inches of water, and pushing the pole, or as the trapper calls it, "float stick," deep into the bottom of the creek, it was all ready for the next night. The trap is set in such a manner that when a beaver puts his foot in it he dives back into the creek, and swimming around the float stick soon drowns himself. If the stick is green, he will cut it off and get away; or, if it is a limb or anything for the beaver to hang the trap on, he will cut it off in a moment and get away. That morning we caught four beavers, and, strapping them on our horses, reached home at about three o'clock.

Dick had gone out and left the door open, and Jack had taken advantage of the situation, tipped over a pail of water, eaten the chair-legs off and cut up everything he could find, and was making a dam; the happiest beaver imaginable. In the evening the Doctor proposed a little turkey-hunt by moonlight. The moon came up full and bright, making it almost as light as day, and at ten o'clock we started down the Medicine to look for turkeys. We had not gone far when a turkey flew out of a tree over my head, and disappeared. The Doctor looked up and said, "Shoot this turkey." I looked, and there was a big, old fellow within ten feet of me. I took aim, fired, and missed him, and the next instant it seemed as if a hundred turkeys had flown out of the trees around us. Walking a short distance further, the Doctor called my attention to what I supposed was a knot on the limb of a tree, about a hundred yards distant. The Doctor said, "There is your turkey." I took aim and fired; the turkey never moved. I fired fifteen shots and gave it up. Then I said to the Doctor, "Try your luck." He put his gun to his shoulder, the rifle cracked, and down came the bird with a crash.

Then we started for home, the Doctor in advance. We had travelled perhaps half a mile, when suddenly the Doctor fell flat on the ground, and an arrow whizzed by us and buried itself in a tree. "Follow me," said the Doctor, "and run for your life!" We ran for two or three hundred yards, when the Doctor stopped to listen. The hoot of an owl on our right was answered by the cry of a wolf on our left. "They have surrounded us sure," said the Doctor. A friendly cloud obscured the moon, and we quietly glided through the woods of the Medicine. "Be careful now," said the Doctor, "and we will soon be safe." Just as he spoke I stepped on a dead limb, and it broke with a terrible crash. The Doctor said, "Fall flat on your face and crawl." As we fell, a perfect shower of arrows and bullets whizzed

over us. Springing to our feet and running as fast as we could, we soon reached a dense thicket of box elder, crawled in and lay perfectly still for a long time, without hearing anything from the Indians.

The Doctor said, "You lie still and I will crawl to the edge of the thicket and see if there are any Indians near us."

He moved noiselessly away, and had been gone but a moment when the moon shone out, and my startled eyes met those of an Indian lying within three feet of me. He raised his arm and struck at me with a gleaming knife. I started just in time to escape the blow, and he buried his knife to the hilt in the ground.

Before he could recover himself he was stretched lifeless by the Doctor, who had thrown his knife at least twenty feet, sending it through the neck of the savage and killing him instantly.

The next moment the Doctor was by my side, and, kicking the Indian out of the way, he sat down and told me how he happened to return in time. When he reached the edge of the thicket, and the moon shone out, an Indian was standing within striking distance of him. He clutched him by the throat, and buried his knife in his breast before he had time to yell, and started back just in time to save my life.

"We must get out of here," said he, "or they'll have our scalps sure."

Picking up some stones, he threw one as hard as he could. It struck a tree and went crashing through the limbs some distance away. The Indians rushed for the spot, making the air ring with their unearthly cries.

We glided from our hiding-place in an opposite direction, and, reaching the Medicine, crawled in under some willows and listened.

We could hear the Indians at the place we had just left ;

then all was still for a moment, and then came a loud cry. They had found the body of their dead brave.

For a few moments the howling continued, and then every thing was still but the snarl of a cayote, the scream of the panther, and the "ho-ho!" of the big owl. We started for home.

As we reached the top of the hill on which the house stood, the crack of a rifle warned us of our danger. The Indians had surrounded the house, and were trying to break down the door.

Dick made it warm for them, however, and they withdrew a short distance, as if for consultation.

Watching them, we soon saw a blaze of fire, and the next instant an arrow, covered with a burning substance, was shot into the air; another and another followed; but they fell short of the house, burned brightly for a moment and then went out. The Indians charged the house once more, and, piling wood up against it, soon had it lighted and burning brightly.

"This is more than I can bear," said the Doctor. "I will die before I will let them burn my house."

His voice startled me. I looked at him in absolute fright, for in all my life I had never seen a man appear so demon-like.

He was wild with rage. He put his gun to his shoulder and fired. An Indian jumped into the air, clutched his tomahawk, took a few steps towards us, and fell dead. The Indians were surprised for a moment, but recovered their presence of mind and made towards us. The Doctor jumped to his feet and commenced to shoot, keeping up a blaze of fire.

Then, for the first time, I began to believe that the stories of him and his shooting must be true. The Indians could not stand such terrific fire, but fled in wild disorder, howling "*Evil Spirit!*" They carried off their dead and

wounded, with the exception of the man who was making the fire.

The Doctor ran down to the house, kicked the burning wood away, and, pushing me in at the door as Dick opened it, disappeared in the direction the Indians had taken. Dick and I waited for him to come back, not daring to leave the house until his return. At about three o'clock we saw him coming, riding an Indian pony. He was very much excited, and told us how he had surprised the Indians in camp, and showed us a piece of paper that he had picked up on the trail. It read as follows: "If a white man finds this note, I beg him to rescue me and my little daughter Fred. We were captured two days ago on the Platte, and my husband was murdered before my eyes. The Indians are travelling night and day, stopping only long enough to eat, and hurrying on again. I implore the man who finds this note never to give up until he has saved us, or, if he cannot save us both, to save my baby Fred. Our home is in Utica, N.Y., and we were on our journey to California."

The note was signed "Carrie Hawthorn." The Doctor swore that, if God would spare his life, he would follow the Indians until he rescued those unfortunate captives, and, if too late to save the mother, he would give his life to the child.

He mounted his horse "Surprise," and rode rapidly away, and Dick and I were left to our own reflections.

Months passed and he did not return. Just before Christmas there was a severe storm of several days. The snow was two feet deep all over the country, and the wolves became very troublesome. Dick and I had just sat down to our lonely Christmas dinner, wishing devoutly the Doctor with us, when I fancied I heard the howl of a gray wolf.

We listened till we could plainly hear the voices of a whole pack yelping in chorus. "They are coming this way," says Dick, "and, by the sound, I should think they

were in pursuit of something." Going to look, we could see two horsemen coming at full speed, surrounded by wolves, that were trying to drag them from their saddles. As they drew near we saw that they were Indians, and that one carried a person before him, wrapped in blankets. As they neared the house, the wolves gave up the pursuit.

They rode straight to the door, and, as the horses stopped, with their noses in our very faces, a very feeble voice said, "Take this little girl, and help me from my horse." Then, for the first time, we recognized the Doctor, his disguise as an Indian was so perfect. Cutting the thongs that bound the other Indians to the horse, we raised the senseless form and carried it into the house.

The Doctor said, "That is the child's mother. Is she dead?" She proved to be alive, but badly frozen.

Leading the horses into the house and putting them by the fire, in charge of the little Indian, we commenced to thaw the frozen limbs of the poor woman, holding snow on them, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes, look around her for a moment, and say, "Where am I, and where is Fred?" Then, as her eyes fell upon Fred, seated by the fire, "Thank God, we are safe from those horrible Indians!"

The Doctor removed his Indian costume and washed off his paint, and then we were able to judge what he must have suffered and endured to save these helpless people, for his eyes were sunken and bloodshot, and his face so pale and haggard as to be scarcely recognizable. Several weeks passed, and the inmates of the Doctor's little house had recovered from the effects of the hardships of their perilous flight, when the question arose, of what should be done with them. They could not always remain there; but it was impossible to reach the fort during the winter months. When spring came, a letter was sent to the brother in California, but he never answered it; and as a strong attachment had sprung

up between us and the unfortunate creatures, it was decided that they should remain, and a bright and happy home they made for us. In the course of three years the mother married a stranger, who had been secured to teach the little girl, who was rapidly developing into a beautiful woman. Dick wished to marry the child, and received her mother's promise that at the end of two years more she should be his, if he still desired it. At the expiration of that time, however, she had changed her mind, and taken her daughter to their new home in Kansas, forbidding Dick ever to see her again. Then, in the course of the next two years, she made the acquaintance of a gentleman from St. Louis, and, forgetting her childish attachment for Dick, consented to marry him. Dick, who had never lost sight of her, made his way to the little Kansas village, and, appearing in the church-door in the midst of the ceremony, shot the bride dead before the altar.

Taking advantage of the confusion, he fled, and made his escape back to the Plains, where he organized a regular band of cut-throats, and became one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty of land-pirates.

Meantime I had become so attached to the Doctor and the wild fascinations of the life we led, that I could never decide to return to the tame existence of my eastern home, and my "long hunt" promised to be life-long. One night, as we sat at dinner, we were startled by a loud knock at the door. Opening to admit the unexpected visitor, we were surprised and surrounded by a band of cut-throats, who tied our hands, took everything of value the place contained, and went away, locking us in.

The Doctor soon got loose, and, breaking in the door, released us, and taking our horses and Winchesters, we started in pursuit of the renegades and Indians. We followed them all night, and at noon next day overtook them crossing Red Willow. Their guns were lying on the ground,

and we surprised them so completely that they fled, leaving guns and everything in our possession.

That night we went down to the cave, where the Doctor kept "Surprise," fearing that Dick, who knew the secret of his hiding-place, and coveted the noble animal, might send an Indian to steal him. Stationing ourselves where we could see and not be seen, we waited several hours. Then the opening of the cave was darkened, and we both fired at once.

A cry of pain and the fall of a heavy body followed the report, and then all was still. At daylight we discovered an Indian lying at the mouth of the cave, riddled with buckshot; and, on washing the paint from his face, he proved to be our old friend Dick. Tears rolled down the Doctor's cheeks as he looked at him and said: "How sad to think that our trusted friend for years should, for the love of woman, prove unworthy to be called a man! To think that he would betray the man that trusted him and gave him a home for years, and become a worthless villain, because he had been deceived by a simple-minded girl."

That day we carried Dick to the top of Sunset Hill, and, as the sun went down, we placed the last sod on his grave and hurried away. He was the first white man buried on the Medicine. — *Published in the "Oakland Daily Times," Oakland, Cal.*

EXTRACTS

FROM THE PRESS OF THE COUNTRY

RELATIVE TO

DR. W. F. CARVER'S EXHIBITION OF RIFLE-SHOOTING DURING HIS
RECENT PROFESSIONAL TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MARVELLOUS RIFLE PRACTICE.

DR. W. F. CARVER BREAKS 241 GLASS BALLS OUT OF 300.

Despite the cold and blustering weather yesterday there was a large attendance at Shell Mound Park to witness the performance of Dr. Carver in his effort to break two hundred and twenty-five glass balls out of three hundred with a Winchester rifle. The feat is unique of its kind, and certainly outvies in brilliancy and effect all previous efforts to enlist public attention to rifle-practice.

As already described in the chronicle, the pitcher stands at some eight yards distance, and throws the glass ball in the air, the marksman brings the rifle to his shoulder, and the bullet crushes the ball with almost unerring precision. At the completion of the first hundred the Doctor was six to bad, but in the second hundred he had reduced his average to one ball, and then in the third hundred he shot with such brilliant execution as to win his match, with a surplus of thirteen balls, at one time breaking twenty-eight

in succession, a feat that elicited much interest and applause.

Following is the score, the time being one hour and nine minutes : —

First Hundred.

	Misses.
0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0....	9
0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1....	8
1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1....	2
0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1....	7
1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0....	5
<hr/>	
Total....	31

Second Hundred.

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1....	3
1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1....	3
1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1....	2
0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1....	4
1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0....	8
<hr/>	
Total....	20

Third Hundred.

1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1....	2
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1....	1
0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1....	2
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0....	2
1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1....	4
<hr/>	
Total....	11

The Doctor then made some very pretty exhibition shots, chief among which was, the ball being thrown high in the air, he would break it with the first, second, or third shot before it reached the ground.

The firing from the hip was very effective, as well as shooting backward by the aid of a mirror, and smashing a

glass ball held in the pitcher's hands, the marksman placing the rifle on top of his head, and taking aim in a topsy-turvy position.

But the feats that elicited the most applause were the firing at ten-cent and twenty-five-cent coins, that, when hit, say once in two times, were sent humming and whizzing among a set of scrambling boys eager to act as retrievers. — *San Francisco Chronicle*, Monday, January 14, 1878.

RIFLE-SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.

DR. CARVER BREAKS 885 GLASS BALLS WHEN THROWN IN THE AIR, OUT OF 1,000 SHOTS — 72 CONSECUTIVE SHOTS.

There was a large concourse of people assembled at Oakland Trotting Park yesterday afternoon to witness the match in which Dr. Carver undertook to break 750 glass balls in 1,000 — the conditions being that they were to be broken while in the air, an attendant tossing them up from a point some 20 feet in front of where the shooter stood. There was a good deal of excitement East, owing to a challenge which the Doctor made some time ago, in which he offered to shoot a rifle against a shot-gun in the hands of the champion Bogardus, the latter standing thirty yards from the trap, and the challenger at about thirty feet. It was held to be "bounce" on the part of the Californian, as it never came into calculation of those parties the wonderful skill the Doctor had acquired, and his feats with a rifle are beyond whatever has been claimed for the most noted shots. The match was commenced at 1 P.M., and the first hundred the gun fell behind, the rate being 71 broken, and 29 misses. There was only a little improvement in the second hundred, the score standing 79 to 21; but this was just the ratio it required to win the match. But the Doctor was

warming to his work, and the third hundred was 89 hits to 11 misses. The fourth hundred was 92 to 8, and it was evident that nothing but extremely bad luck would lose the match. In this thirty-three consecutive balls were broken, and in the fifth 90 to 10 was the tally. The sixth was 89 to 11, and the seventh 90 to 10; in the latter part of this hundred, and the commencement of the eighth 54 balls in succession were broken, and the best score was made in the eighth, only seven being missed. Many thought that fatigue must interfere as the match progressed, but in place of falling off it seemed as though the shooter could hit them under any circumstances, and, no matter whether they curved to the right or left, wobbled, or took that peculiar "skew," which some players give to a ten-pin ball, the report would be followed by a shower of shivered glass. In the ninth hundred the seventh ball was missed, and from that to the 80th there was a clear succession of hits, only two more escaped, so that 97 to 3 was the announcement.

The Doctor was making 11 shots to the minute, and the perspiration was rolling down the face of the man who was tossing them in the air.

At least one of these misses was due to a defective cartridge, and it was little wonder that the startling "defi" of rifle against shot-gun had been allowed.

In the last hundred, 95 to 5, and the match was won with 135 to spare.

After the match was over Dr. Carver gave a further exhibition of his great skill, by hitting dimes, quarters, and half-dollars, also thrown in the air, with a Winchester rifle. To claim him as the finest shot with the rifle in the world is only reiterating the universal opinion of those who witnessed the performance; and if any man could come to California and beat him, he could win money enough to buy a big ranch already stocked. — *Morning Call, San Francisco, February 23, 1878.*

NOTE. — While *en route* for the East, the following article appeared in the California "Spirit of the Times," published in San Francisco, Cal. : —

THE CHAMPION RIFLE-SHOT.

A gentleman has recently left us for an extensive tour through the Eastern States and foreign countries, who is destined to make his mark, and of whom we expect to receive the most favorable reports from all parts of the world which he may visit. Knowing him to be a thorough gentleman, and man of moral worth, and addicted to no small vices, being a stranger to strong drink or the use of tobacco, we feel it a duty to inform our readers in the East and foreign parts, what sort of a man they are about to meet with, and in what estimation he is held at home here on the Pacific coast. Dr. W. F. Carver, though born in New York State, was captured by the Indians while but a baby, and lived for sixteen years among the savages. Wild life has produced in this man a wonderful result, inasmuch as we see before us no wild Bill, no rough-bearded frontiersman, clad in skins, and armed to the teeth with knife and pistol, a type of humanity which is usually handed over to civilization as the result of years of association with the great American savage, made so famous by Fenimore Cooper. Instead, however, we find Dr. Carver to be a tall, finely proportioned man, courteous in manner, not given to brag, but inclined to reserve, in regard to his many and truly wonderful exploits upon the Plains, and his marvellous skill with the rifle, which finally made him a terror to the Indians. After leaving his life upon the Plains, Dr. Carver settled down in the middle West. A few years ago he came to California, and settled in Oakland, afterwards moving to San Francisco. His wonderful skill with the rifle soon attracted attention, and

the Doctor was called upon, from time to time, to meet all the crack-shots, and test his skill with them, until it became evident that no one was able to compete with them, since he proved, conclusively, that he could, in all things, make any shot with a rifle which any other person could with a shot-gun.

His keen, restless eye is ever on the alert to catch and locate instantly every moving object, however minute, even to a silver three-cent piece, which, when thrown in the air, the Doctor will hit with apparent ease, using a Winchester rifle, calibre 44. Dr. Carver finally determined to adopt rifle-shooting as a profession, and it is of this fact we write. In a short time our eastern friends will hear of Dr. Carver, for he has gone hence to give them an exhibition of his skill, and we are pleased that we now have an opportunity to recommend him strongly to their consideration. Dr. Carver goes to Philadelphia, thence to New York, Boston, and other parts of the United States, visiting England, France, (the Paris Exhibition), Germany, India, and Australia. He will give exhibitions of his skill with a rifle, which consist of glass-ball shooting, the hitting of coins, or objects of any description thrown in the air; and he also performs many fancy shots, assuming all sorts of positions, from which it would seem impossible to see, much less shoot at and hit, such minute objects when in motion. One of his shots is most wonderful, when the fact is considered that there is no possibility of taking sight. It consists of shooting a glass ball thrown into the air, with the rifle resting upon the hip. The Doctor's exhibition will be interesting to ladies, children, rifle-clubs, and all lovers of skill of any kind. He has a very interesting story of his life written, which reads like a novel, although true in every particular, and which he intends to publish and issue in book-form. We sincerely wish this gentleman *bon voyage*, and look forward with pleasure to the cordial

greeting which he will meet upon his return to California, from his trip round the world. We predict that he will meet with no match for his skill, but will return as he departed, "The Champion Rifle-Shot of the World."

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

DOCTOR CARVER'S RIFLE-SHOOTING.

At the Agricultural Park, yesterday afternoon, Dr. W. F. Carver gave an exhibition of his skill in rifle-shooting before a large attendance, comprising many of the most enthusiastic rod and gun men of the city. He opened the exhibition by shooting a glass ball while holding a rifle upside down with the stock upon his head. H. A. Weaver showed his nerve and the confidence he felt in the ability of the marksman by holding the ball by the neck, between his thumb and finger, at a distance of about twenty-five feet, and at the crack of the rifle the ball was shattered into fragments. The next feat was shooting at a ball with the gun turned sideways, Mr. Weaver holding the ball suspended by a string, and the result was equally as in the first experiment. Next the shooter lay down upon his back over a stool, and shot a ball from Mr. Weaver's hand with as much ease as though his position was more natural. For the next effort the shooter turned his back to Mr. Weaver, and sighted his rifle by means of a diminutive looking-glass, at a ball which Mr. Weaver held. The bullet converted the ball into a shower of glass. Following this, was shooting a glass ball with the gun resting on the hip.

In an effort to make good his promise to break 160 balls out of 200 tossed into the air, he made some wonderfully good and steady shooting, notwithstanding the high wind,

and more than accomplished the feat, breaking 174. 31 balls were broken consecutively.

After this he gave an exhibition of rapid firing with a Winchester rifle, and out of 32 balls shot at broke 29 — 13 consecutively. This feat was rendered less brilliant, because of wind blowing the powdered glass about so freely as to endanger the eyes of the shooter and the person throwing the balls up; and the shooting consequently had to be less rapid than it could have been made.

After breaking a ball with a second shot before it reached the ground, after missing it at the first discharge, he made the prettiest shot of the day, breaking a ball thrown as high as possible into the air. The Doctor now showed what he could do at hitting coins thrown into the air. This was the most remarkable exhibition of all, and aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators to such an extent that two-thirds of them were anxious to have him shoot holes into pieces of money for them to preserve as souvenirs. One man threw up a \$20 gold piece as a target, and it was hit three times in three consecutive shots. A physician threw up his tobacco-box, and the first shot riddled it and the contents as well. In shooting at halves, quarters, and dimes the Doctor for a long time struck an average of two out of three, and at the conclusion of the shooting had, out of a total of 115 shots, hit 73 times and missed 42. — *Sacramento Record Union*, March 22, 1878.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

THE RIFLE WIZARD.

Dr. Carver gave a most satisfactory exhibition of his skill at rifle-shooting yesterday afternoon, at the race-track, three miles north of the city. A large number of persons

were present, among whom were nearly all the crack shots and admirers of good shooting in the city.

To give a full account of what the great marksman did would simply be to republish his advertised programme of what he intended to do. He did everything that we have ever heard of his doing, and all so easily and rapidly that it appeared like the work of enchantment. He seems to shoot by instinct, and his bullets appear to go just where he wishes them. He began by shooting glass balls as they were tossed up in the air, and out of 103 he broke 90. In shooting coins tossed up in the same way he was equally successful. He drilled six half dollars in succession, and hit any number of dimes and quarters. — *Territorial Enterprise*, March 30, 1878.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

DR. CARVER'S SHOOTING.

HE ASTONISHES THE SPECTATORS AT ARSENAL GROUNDS
YESTERDAY.

Yesterday the wonderful marksman commenced his entertainment by breaking two small rocks which were thrown into the air. He then commenced shooting glass balls. He made quite a number of brilliant shots; in fact, the whole performance was a wonder. At the 100 balls he made the following score:—

1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1
1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1

86 hits, 14 misses.

He then took a new Winchester rifle, which was taken at random from Carter, Evans & Co.'s stock, and on the second trial he broke a small stone while it was flying in the air. He then made some very remarkable shooting, showing that he was a most complete master of the weapon.

Some of the balls broken were at such a distance that an ordinary shot-gun would have failed to reach them. It will be seen that he made a run of 28. He then placed the rifle on his hip, and without any seeming effort — and of course no chance to take sight — he broke the ball into fragments. He made several other fancy shots, doing all the Austin Brothers do. Mr. Wallin afterwards tossed nickels, quarters, and half-dollars into the air, and the Doctor knocked them in all directions. Probably a hundred coins were thus disposed of. Everybody wanted a "hole in mine" for a *souvenir*.

The Doctor would have shot the coins for a week, but he had shot about 300 cartridges as fast as he could raise the rifles to his shoulder, and the guns became so hot that they could not be handled; but the marksman enjoyed the fun even more than the spectators.

He made several shots at about 200 yards. His shooting with a Winchester at the old city wall was very interesting, and it showed his wonderful skill and speed in manipulation. The difficult feat of shooting at a ball, reloading and breaking the same ball before it fell, proved that he could do almost anything he wished. Some of the shots with the Winchester were made so rapidly, that before the fragments of one ball reached the ground another ball was shattered. Gum-drops and small marbles were thrown up, and were knocked all over the range.

One particular small marble of red color, and not much larger than a grain of corn, was smashed to atoms. But it is nonsense to say what was done, or what the Doctor can do. He did everything he tried to do, and we are satisfied

he can hit anything large enough to be seen. Mr. Latey kept the score, and recorded 14 misses in the glass-ball score; but two or three of the bystanders say there were only 13 misses. If anybody thinks this a simple feat, let him try and make 13 hits out of 100.

Dr. Carver leaves this morning, and we commend him to the public as a genuine wonder. — *Salt Lake Tribune*, April 4, 1878.

DENVER, COLORADO.

A WONDERFUL MARKSMAN.

DR. CARVER'S UNIQUE EXHIBITION AT THE FAIR GROUNDS,
YESTERDAY.

Dr. W. F. Carver, of California, gave an exhibition of his wonderful ability as a rifle-shot at the fair grounds, yesterday afternoon, and, although the weather was unfavorable, there was a good attendance. The performance began shortly before two o'clock, and the programme opened out with an exhibition of fancy shooting the like of which has never been witnessed in Colorado. It is difficult to present a readable account of the performance, for the reason that an explanation of the shots would involve too much space and then perhaps not be clear to the general reader. Dr. Carver does not keep any record of any of his fancy shots save a score of the one in which he offers to break 80 glass balls out of 100 thrown into the air.

A score of this is appended below.

His first fancy shot was breaking a glass ball with the rifle turned upside down and resting on the shooter's head. This he accomplished successfully at the first trial. The same success attended a shot with the rifle turned sideways. Following this he broke a glass ball at 21

yards, the rifle being turned upside down, and the shooter lying on his back over a stool. The shot at a glass ball with his back to the object, and sighting over the shoulder by aid of a looking-glass, was one of the best of the afternoon.

Dr. Carver accomplished this feat by pointing the rifle with one hand, and holding the glass with the other. Another fancy shot, and the most difficult of any of the single shots, was the one in which the Doctor breaks a glass ball at a given distance, without sighting, and holding the rifle to the hip.

In this shot his accuracy must be governed almost entirely by the motion of the arm as it brings the rifle forward. The crowning feat of the exhibition, however, was the one which Dr. Carver styles the most wonderful ever made at a flying object with the rifle.

This is shooting a glass ball thrown into the air from 20 to 30 feet high, missing it with the first shot, loading the rifle, and breaking it before it reaches the ground. There was a great deal of doubt expressed as to the Doctor's ability to perform this feat, but he did it most satisfactorily and in a manner that elicited the most unbounded applause from his audience. He makes this shot with a breech-loading rifle.

When he misses purposely the first time, he is required to insert a fresh cartridge, get his gun in position, and fire again before the ball reaches the ground. Yesterday he accomplished the feat without apparent effort. The balance of his shots are made with an ease and grace that astonishes our amateur sportsmen. His shots at twenty-five and fifty cent pieces are made with remarkable accuracy, and it is safe to say that he spoiled more silver half-dollars in a short time yesterday with his Winchester repeating 44 calibre rifle than many a man who witnessed the exhibition has owned in many a day.

Nearly everybody brought home a pocket-piece in the shape of a coin that bore the mark of a bullet from Carver's rifle. The exhibition was in every way satisfactory and was heartily enjoyed. The Doctor did all that he advertised to do, and more too. His coming has created a great deal of curiosity among sporting men, and an effort will be made to get him to give another exhibition of his skill before leaving. The following is the score of his shooting, at one hundred balls, thrown into the air, wherein he gave the best test of his accuracy of aim, and quickness in handling the rifle:—

1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1
 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1
 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
 1 1 1 1 — 90

Rocky Mountain News, April 10, 1878.

THE TRIGGER.

GLASS BALL SHOOT.—DR. CARVER AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The advertised rifle and gun match, in which Dr. Carver, the wizard of the rifle, and Denver's crack shot, was to take part, called a large crowd to the fair grounds yesterday afternoon.

The match was between Dr. Carver and C. Gove, 100 balls, Gove to shoot with a shot-gun, and Carver with a rifle. Gove shot the first fifty balls, eighteen yards' rise from a trap, as follows:—

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1
 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 — 47

This, as will be acknowledged by all sportsmen, was a very fine record, and those who had been confident that the Doctor would easily vanquish Denver's crack shot, felt a little dubious.

The Doctor, however, appeared unconcerned. A young lad had been secured to toss the balls in the air. The Doctor stood perhaps twenty feet from the boy.

Of course the balls were tossed irregularly, some high, other low, some slanting, others straight up, and, as was apparent, the Doctor had a difficult task to even tie the score of Mr. Gove. But he did it, and, as the boys say, "went him one better," as the following score made by the Doctor shows:—

1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—48

It was now Mr. Gove's turn to shoot, but, by general request, Dr. Carver proceeded with his remaining fifty balls, which he broke as follows:—

1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—49

This remarkable shooting called out vociferous cheers. It was a wonderful exploit. Such a score with a shot-gun, which at proper range will cover a space of two feet square with shot, is something to be proud of; but when it is accomplished with a rifle, it is almost beyond belief. Dr. Carver gave Mr. Gove the privilege of withdrawing and calling it a tie match, which that gentleman concluded to do, as to even tie the Doctor he would have to break every ball in fifty.

Dr. Carver then gave an exhibition of fancy shots, such as the hip shot, lying on his back, backwards, taking sight by a looking-glass reflection, etc. He also shot at balls

thrown toward him, — a very difficult feat, — and at balls thrown on the ground, breaking them on the bound. He was loudly cheered at times, and his different feats were watched by an eager and admiring crowd, who were mystified at some of his wonderful tricks. The Doctor starts for Cheyenne Sunday, and goes from there to Omaha. — *Denver Tribune*, April 13, 1878.

CHEYENNE, W.T.

Notwithstanding the high wind which prevailed yesterday afternoon, Dr. W. F. Carver gave an exhibition of his shooting at Sloan's Lake. We will not attempt to give the score as far as the one hundred glass galls are concerned, but imagine, if you please, the breaking of fifteen balls in fifteen consecutive shots, thrown at least thirty-five feet in the air, in the very teeth of a wind blowing at the velocity of *sixty miles* an hour. His fancy shots were all perfect. Shooting at a glass ball fifty feet from the gun, the shooter standing with his back towards the ball, and sighting with gun upside down, resting across his shoulder, and holding a small hand-mirror in his left hand, thereby gaining the only sight of the object aimed at. The shots from the hip were all perfect. He also performed the difficult feat of shooting three consecutive shots at one ball while in mid-air, and breaking it at the third shot before it strikes the ground. Had we space we could enumerate a large number of fancy shots. We never have seen, and never expect to see again, such a remarkable exhibition of skill in rifle-shooting from any one. A few incidents occurred to relieve the monotony of the shooting, such as punching holes through silver half dollars thrown in the air. Harry Conley and George Simpson were among the favored ones. They both carried home souvenirs of the skill of Dr.

Carver, that is, they will, if ever the lake dries up so they can find them; the money having been struck fairly by the balls, was driven at least fifty feet from the shore into the water. When we left Harry was making ready for a dive after his money. George Simpson says it was not his half dollar, but it was one George Mastin had deposited with him as an instalment on Black Hills telegrams. We very much regret the peculiar state of the weather.

The shooting, especially under the circumstances, was remarkable, and we regret that Dr. Carver could not have visited our city under more favorable circumstances. —
Cheyenne, W.T., April 17, 1878.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

“EVIL SPIRIT.”

OUR SPORTSMEN HAVE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE WORD, AS APPLIED TO DR. CARVER. — HIS REMARKABLE SHOOTING AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The delightful weather of yesterday afternoon drew upwards of a thousand persons to the fair grounds, to witness the exhibition of skill by Dr. Carver, the celebrated rifleman. A large delegation of officers and soldiers from military head-quarters and the barracks was present, besides many of the members of the Sportsman's Club, and leading citizens.

Preceding the Doctor's exhibition, some of the members of the Sportsman's Club tried their fortune with glass balls, with good success. Quite promptly at the appointed time Dr. Carver appeared upon the ground carrying his guns. He was immediately the observed of all observers, and a finer specimen of physical strength, or a man of more per-

fect physique could not be imagined. He was dressed in dark shirt and trousers, top-boots, and a broad-brimmed hat, and stood a head taller than the majority of the crowd. He prepared his guns and cartridges, laid out his ground, and, standing with his back to the sun, began his work.

Mr. Hathaway, of the Sportsman's Club, performed the important duty of hurling the articles into the air which the crack shot was to bring down, or scatter into a thousand pieces with his rifle-balls. The sport began with a few shots for practice at glass balls. The spectators then first began to appreciate the perfection to which a rifleman had attained, who can puncture a glass ball with a bullet while it is flying through the air. As each ball was struck by the bullet the glass was fairly pulverized, showering down upon the ground in minute fragments. A peculiar hissing sound, frequently accompanied by the whistling of the pulverized glass as it flew through the air, followed the report of the rifle. At last the doctor began his first undertaking, the destruction of 80 out of 100 glass balls thrown into the air. The score was as follows, the Doctor destroying 86 of the 100: 5 0 5 0 2 0 4 0 9 0 0 4 0 21 0 6 0 9 0 16 0 1 0 2 0 2 0 — 86. A Winchester breech-loading rifle was used.

In his destruction of silver pieces thrown into the air the Doctor's skill was still more remarkable. With the Winchester rifle the coin was usually annihilated, though sometimes punctured and thrown to the ground twenty or thirty rods off; all the time visible to the eye. Even the feat of hitting five-cent nickel was accomplished. About all present who had a coin in their pocket wanted it battered by a rifle-ball, that they might preserve it, and the supply of coin was unlimited.

For the trial with a strange musket Mr. Max Meyer produced an old army musket which the Doctor had never seen, and he destroyed the glass balls with almost equal ease.

All the feats of the programme, the rapid shooting, the shooting with the rifle in various positions, etc., were performed to the letter.

Dr. Carver is, without dispute, the most perfect master of the rifle that has ever been seen in Omaha. His marksmanship is beyond anything that can come from mere practice. The steady nerve, the keen eye, and the celerity of motion, are either of them faculties rarely to be found in any individual. — *Omaha Herald*, April 21, 1878.

A GREAT SHOOTING-MATCH.

This agreement, made and entered into this 23d day of April, A.D. 1878, by and between Dr. Wm. F. Carver and John W. Petty, — conditionally, as follows: The said Dr. Wm. F. Carver wages five hundred dollars against Mr. Petty's three hundred dollars, that he (Carver) will break more glass balls, thrown into the air, with his rifle or rifles than Petty will with a shot-gun. Mr. Petty to shoot from a trap at eighteen yards distance from the trap, and Dr. Carver to select his own distance from the trap, and the person who throws the balls.

All balls that leave the trap or hands of the pitcher shall be shot at or scored against the person shooting, each party to shoot at five hundred balls. It is further agreed that, in case the constant shooting shall cause headache or sickness, the shooting shall cease until the following day, when it shall continue until each of the above parties shall have shot at the full number of five hundred balls. And it is further agreed, that entrance receipts from gate-money or from stands shall go to Mr. Petty.

The balls to be paid for by the winner, or each party to pay for their own balls, as may be mutually agreed upon by Dr. Carver and Mr. Petty.

Each party to select a judge, and the judges to select a referee, whose decision on all points bearing on the weather shall be final. The money to be deposited in the First National Bank of Omaha, to be turned over to the winner on the order of the referee. Shooting to commence at 2 o'clock, P.M., on the Fair Grounds, Thursday, April 25.

(Signed)

JOHN W. PETTY,
DR. WM. F. CARVER.

Witness, G. H. COLLINS.

CLEVER CARVER,

WHO IS CARVING THE NAME OF CARVER HIGH ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN THE SHOOTING WORLD. — THE GRAND RECORD, TOO, JOHN PETTY OF COLLINS AND PETTY MADE IN THE SHOOTING-MATCH YESTERDAY.

The most magnificent skill ever witnessed in this city in the use of the rifle and shot-gun in the breaking of glass balls took place yesterday afternoon at the Driving Park, between Dr. W. F. Carver, of San Francisco, and John W. Petty, of the new gun-firm of Collins & Petty, of this city. The day was most unfavorable for good shooting, a brisk wind was blowing, and the air was filled with clouds of dust.

The spot selected for the match was in the lee of one of the buildings on the ground. Omnibuses ran regularly, commencing at 1.30 P.M., from Fourteenth and Douglas streets, to the driving-park, and they went out well loaded with passengers. A goodly number went out in private conveyances. Delegations were present from Council Bluffs, Lincoln, Fremont, Blair, and other neighboring cities. Shooting commenced at 2 P.M., as per conditions

of agreement between the contestants. B. E. B. Kennedy and John M. Thurston were selected as judges, and H. B. Sackett, of Council Bluffs, as referee. Mr. W. H. S. Hughes kept the score. Each contestant shot at one hundred glass balls alternately. Dr. Carver used two Winchester rifles, presented to him by Gov. O. F. Winchester, of New Haven, Conn. Mr. Petty used a Remington "12" and a Scott "10" shot-gun. Petty used a Bogardus trap, and Yank Hathaway threw the balls in the air for Dr. Carver.

Carver's First Hundred.

The Doctor missed the seventeenth, fifty-sixth, and sixty-fifth balls, breaking ninety-seven out of one hundred. Time, nineteen minutes.

Petty's First Hundred.

Mr. Petty missed the twelfth, seventeenth, twenty-sixth, thirty-fifth, fiftieth, and seventy-seventh balls, breaking ninety-four out of one hundred. Time, seventeen minutes.

Carver's Second Hundred.

Carver missed the thirty-third, thirty-seventh, sixty-first, and sixty-ninth balls, breaking ninety-six out of one hundred.

Petty's Second Hundred.

Petty missed the eleventh, twentieth, twenty-seventh, thirty-first, thirty-third, and seventy-sixth balls, breaking ninety-four out of one hundred.

Carver's Third Hundred.

Carver broke ninety-seven straight balls, missing the ninety-eighth, and then broke the remaining two. This is the largest run he ever made in public. The next largest.

was in San Francisco, where he made a score of seventy-two straight balls. Counting from sixty-ninth ball (the last one missed on the second hundred) to the ninety-eighth ball (the only one missed on the third hundred), Dr. Carver had a score of one hundred and twenty-eight straight balls. Time, fifteen minutes.

Petty's Third Hundred.

Petty missed the thirty-second, fifty-second, fifty-ninth, seventy-eighth, seventy-ninth, and ninety-sixth balls, breaking ninety-four out of one hundred.

Carver's Fourth Hundred.

Dr. Carver broke ninety-nine out of the fourth hundred, missing the thirty-seventh ball.

Petty's Fourth Hundred.

Petty broke ninety-seven out of the fourth hundred, missing the fourteenth, thirty-fourth, and thirty-sixth balls.

Carver's Fifth Hundred.

Carver missed the sixty-sixth, sixty-seventh, eighty-sixth, and ninety-fourth balls, breaking ninety-six out of his last hundred. In two instances where the balls were thrown very high in the air he missed the first shot each time, and on a second shot broke the balls before they fell to the ground.

Petty's Fifth Hundred.

Petty broke ninety-nine out of one hundred, missing the seventieth ball. Very large interest was manifested in this inning, owing to the fact that Mr. G. H. Collins had promised to give Mr. Petty a twenty-dollar gold-piece if he broke one hundred straight balls, and finally amended the offer by promising him fifty dollars if he only missed one in

the hundred. The carefulness shown by Mr. Petty in this inning showed that he was "shooting for keeps."

Big Runs.

In two innings Dr. Carver broke one hundred and twenty-eight straight balls, and in the fourth and fifth inning he had the same result. This with a rifle.

In two innings Mr. Petty broke one hundred and thirty-three straight balls with a shot-gun, the announcement of which was loudly applauded.

Grand Result.

Dr. Carver broke four hundred and eighty-seven out of five hundred, and Petty broke four hundred and seventy-eight out of five hundred.

After this result was announced, the money was paid over to Dr. Carver by the referee, in the presence of all who witnessed the match.

Following is the score of the Carver-Petty match, at Omaha, April 26th, 1878:—

Umpires.—B. E. B. Kennedy and John M. Thurston, of Omaha, Neb.

Referee.—H. B. Sackett, of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Scorer.—W. H. S. Hughes, of Omaha, Neb.

DR. CARVER.

First Hundred.

11111 11111 11111 10111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111
11111 01111 11110 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—97

Second Hundred.

11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11011 10111 11111 11111
11111 11111 01111 11101 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—96

Third Hundred.

11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111
 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11011—99

Fourth Hundred.

11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11011 10111 11111 11111
 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—99

Fifth Hundred.

11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111
 11111 11111 11111 00111 11111 11111 11111 01111 11101 11111—96
 Total—487

JOHN W. PETTY.**First Hundred.**

11111 11111 10111 10111 11111 *1111 1111* 11111 11111 11110
 11111 11111 11111 10111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—94

Second Hundred.

11111 11111 *1111 11111 11111 1*111 *1011 11111 11111 11111
 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 01111 11111 11111 11111 11111—94

Third Hundred.

11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 1*111 11111 11111 11111
 1*111 111*1 11111 11111 11111 11001 11111 11111 11111 01111—94

Fourth Hundred.

11111 11111 11101 11111 11111 11111 111*1 *1111 11111 11111
 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—97

Fifth Hundred.

11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111
 11111 11111 11111 1111* 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111—99
 Total—478

* Struck with shot, but not broken.

Dr. Carver then gave an exhibition of fancy shooting without sighting, at long range, at coins (large and small) thrown in the air, and at balls thrown in the air in rapid succession. His best shots were loudly applauded. Those

who are best informed tell us that no professional marksman has such a shot-gun glass-ball record as that made by John Petty in this match. Certainly no such record with a rifle in glass-ball shooting has ever been made as that of Dr. Carver's. — *Republican, Omaha, April 27th, 1878.*

DES MOINES, IOWA.

MARVELLOUS MARKSMANSHIP.

From time to time the public press have had accounts of the wonderful skill with the rifle of Dr. Carver, of California.

For the purpose of giving our people an opportunity to witness his performance, the Des Moines Sportsman's Club secured the Doctor's services for an exhibition at the fair grounds, which was witnessed yesterday by a large and delighted audience. He is certainly a marvel in the business.

Commencing, he fired at and broke glass balls, holding his rifle upside down. Then lying on his back and shooting in that position, he broke several balls; repeating the experiment, and with equal success, with the gun over his shoulder, and taking aim by means of a mirror. The programme provided for shooting one hundred glass balls. Eighty-four out of the hundred were scattered by the Doctor's rifle. He then broke fifteen balls and missed three in twenty seconds.

The thrower then stood off about one hundred feet, and threw two balls squarely at the marksman, who dodged the first and shot the second.

Then came some shooting at coins, in which the Doctor punctured half-dollars and quarters as long as the crowd chose to invest in that kind of target. The shattered

pieces were preserved as relics. But the most marvellous exhibition was that of the double shots. He broke both of two balls thrown in the air at the same time, on the first trial. The exhibition pleased all who attended it, and fully proved that the reports of Dr. Carver's skill have not been exaggerated. — *Des Moines Leader*, April 29, 1878.

CHICAGO, ILL.

COMMUNICATION.

Editors Turf, Field and Farm: — I must raise my voice with the great multitude, for I am convinced that my stoicism has been overcome by what I have seen. Now, I will tell you about it. Dr. Carver was here. I told you we all thought him a bit of a brag, you know. Well, we went out to Lake View, one of our northern suburbs, and he gave us a little exhibit, just to please the boys. There were present the press-gang and several other high-toned guests. Then there was the sheriff of this county, Charles E. Kern, and with such a party there was no chance of a collision. Dr. Carver went to work and did some of the finest shooting ever heard of; he can hit anything from a pistol cartridge up to a glass ball, thrown any way, up, down, or at him; he hits a ball, breaks it, fires again, and hits one of the falling pieces, — see! This is a fact, by Jove; I saw him do it; I did, upon my word. Then he fired at two balls thrown up at once, and gets them both, — and all such work is but child's play to him. Well, this little *matinée* was so good that the Doctor was invited to give a grand exhibit at Dexter Park next day; and he did. There were rising a thousand present to see the expert, and he gave them a fine exhibition of his skill. I do not hesitate to say that he is

invincible, and can draw a bigger crowd than any show going now.

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BRAG BALL-BREAKER.

BUT IN THIS CASE HE SHOOTS JUST AS WELL AS HE BRAGS !
AN EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF SKILL WITH THE RIFLE
AT DEXTER PARK ON YESTERDAY. DR. CARVER'S EX-
HIBITION.

The exhibition of fancy rifle-shooting by Dr. W. F. Carver, the stalwart Californian, at Dexter Park, on yesterday afternoon, drew a crowd of upwards of a thousand people, including an extraordinary number of Chicago's experts, both with the rifle and with the shot-gun, together with a considerable number from a distance, among them, Frank Hyde, of New York, ex-member of the American Rifle Team of 1877. The exhibition appeared to give great satisfaction, and many of the more difficult shots elicited hearty cheers. This was the more flattering to the Doctor's skill, from the fact that the audience was very largely composed of men familiar with guns, and competent to judge of the merits of the performance. Among the fancy shots made were the following: Breaking glass balls with the gun upside down, the barrel resting on the marksman's hand; doing the same with the gun held sideways, in one hand; shooting from the hip without sighting; standing with his back to the ball, and sighting by means of a looking-glass; bending backward over a barrel with the gun upside down; hitting empty cartridge-shells whirling in the air, or half-dollars and quarters. Nearly every time the gun cracked they went whirling away, and were eagerly sought after as souvenirs.

In one case even a nickel was thrown up, and at the sound of the gun it suddenly vanished.

He also accomplished very successfully the very difficult feat of breaking glass balls thrown directly towards him. So swiftly were they thrown that the broken pieces came right on and fell among the crowd behind him.

To show that there was no trick so far as the guns were concerned, he fired at several balls with entire success, using an ordinary Sharp's military rifle, brought down by the agent. Among the feats undertaken and accomplished was that of breaking eighty out of a hundred glass balls thrown into the air about fifteen paces distant.

He broke thirty-four straight, missed four in succession, broke thirty-two, missed one, and broke twenty-one more before missing again. The following is the score : —

1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Chicago Times, May 10, 1878.

THE TRIGGER.

So much interest had been awakened by the narrative of the feats of Dr. Carver, the California rifle marksman, published heretofore in the papers of this and other western cities, that a large number of sportsmen gathered yesterday afternoon, at Dexter Park, to witness an exhibition of his skill. The weather was fine, but there was a strong breeze blowing from the east, which naturally interfered somewhat with the shooting, and required some allowance to be made.

by the sight-seers for occasional inaccuracies of aim. Dr. Carver selected an open space just east of the grand stand, and began the fun by shooting at a number of glass balls which were scattered miscellaneously about the ground, at a distance of about ten yards. The regular work began, however, with the attempt of the Doctor to shatter eighty glass balls out of one hundred, thrown at random in the air, by an assistant stationed about ten yards distant. The first sixty balls were quickly smashed in succession, but at that point the rifle in use by the Doctor became heated to such an extent as to cause him to miss the next four balls successively. It should be explained that the rifle used for this feat was a strange one, furnished by an outsider, the favorite gun of the Doctor having been unexpectedly laid upon the "sick list," by reason of a spring getting out of order. After cooling off the barrel by means of an application of cold water, Dr. Carver finished the one hundred shots, only missing one ball in addition to the others, the score standing at the end, ninety-four hits to six failures. Dr. Carver claims that even this unexampled feat was below his capacity; and, to the bystanders, it seemed as if his misses were quite unnecessary, as one after another of the glass balls were smashed to atoms in mid-air. After this there came an exhibition of fancy shots, such as firing twice at random, and shattering the ball at the third shot while it was still in mid-air.

One of Dr. Carver's feats consisted of firing over his shoulder at a ball lying on the ground forty feet off, taking aim through a diminutive looking-glass; and this was successful on the first trial. Another unique style of shooting consisted of lying on his back on a barrel and taking aim over his head at an object thirty feet distant, the result being equally a success.

The exhibition closed with breaking a large number of balls, hurled high in the air, the distance from the marks-

man to the object ball being not less than forty feet. Out of fifty shots not more than three failed. There was also some wonderful coin-shooting; a number of silver half-dollars were tossed in the air at a distance of twenty feet and were blown out of sight by the unerring bullet of the rifleman. Even a five-cent nickel piece was shattered at the first trial. The admiration of the large crowd of spectators present was roused to an unwonted pitch by these different exhibitions, and loud and hearty applause followed each difficult shot. — *Chicago Tribune*, May 10, 1878.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A large crowd of people, mainly the crack shots of the town, went up to the Highland House yesterday afternoon to see Dr. Carver, the great California marksman, exhibit his skill. Much was expected of the Doctor, for his great reputation had, in a measure, preceded him, and it is only just to state that he more than satisfied the expectations of the most exacting of his visitors. The place selected for the shooting was the platform in front of the Belvedere, and it was well adapted for the purpose, as it not only afforded the spectators an excellent view, but it also permitted the Doctor to aim in such a manner that the balls, after hitting the object fired at, fell into the Ohio river.

The Doctor was neatly dressed in a black velvet waist, with patent leather wristlets, a wide-rimmed sombrero, light gray pants and black belt. On his breast he wore the magnificent Champion Gold Medal, presented him in California as the best shot in the world, and in his scarf he wore another trophy, in the shape of a horse's head made of gold. Its eyes were two large diamonds, and in its mouth

was a rifle. This was also given the Doctor in California, and was for his excellence in shooting from horseback.

The first test of his prowess was given by the Doctor breaking ninety-two glass balls of one hundred in nineteen minutes. The balls were tossed into the air by a boy who had never done anything of the kind before, and consequently was unused to the requirements of the position. The Doctor used a Winchester sixteen-shot repeating rifle, forty-four calibre, and the facility with which he threw the cartridges and took aim surprised and amazed the sportsmen present.

After his first feat a glass ball was placed on the platform, at a distance of sixty feet from the Doctor, and then he broke it with a shot from his rifle, using the weapon upside down, and resting its stock on his head. Using the same weapon sideways, he broke another glass ball the same distance.

He then made a backward shot (looking through a miniature mirror, which he held in his hand), that has made Frank Frayne and others famous.

He broke two balls with the rifle, fired while resting against his hip, and he also broke a ball at sixty feet with a shot made while he was leaning backward over a high stool. He then fired three times at a glass ball thrown in the air, purposely missing it twice and hitting it the third time. The next shot was a very remarkable one. The assistant stood at the opposite end of the platform from the Doctor and threw a glass ball at him, falling on his hands and knees as soon as the ball left his grasp. As soon as it was safe to do so the Doctor fired and shattered the approaching ball to atoms.

This shot was hailed with great applause. The Doctor fired at a number of silver half-dollars tossed into the air. He succeeded in striking several of them. He next gave an exhibition of rapid firing, and during it he broke thirteen

balls out of fourteen in twenty seconds. This was extraordinary time for a rifle. The writer of this article then tossed a cartridge-shell into the air, and the Doctor hit it at the first fire.

The crowning feat of the day, however, was the hitting of two glass balls thrown into the air simultaneously by two men. This was a most difficult feat, and made especially so yesterday by the Doctor's fear that his second shot would not drop into the river, but would do damage in the city. However, after three failures he succeeded in hitting both balls without doing any damage, and the regular exhibition came to a close. During the afternoon a gentleman had a trade dollar thrown into the air for the Doctor to shoot at. He hit it squarely, and the bullet sent it flying over the roofs of the houses on Third street, away from its owner's reach forever. "Good gracious!" said he; "I only wanted a hole knocked in it for a pocket-piece." "I guess you'll find a hole in it if you get it," said the Doctor. It is needless to say that the owner did not seek to verify or disprove the Doctor's statement.

After the shooting. Dr. Carver met a number of prominent marksmen of this city, and was introduced to them. Nearly all of them desired him to remain here and give another exhibition; but, as he had made arrangements to go to Detroit in the evening, he was compelled to decline their very pressing invitation. After shooting at Detroit, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, Dr. Carver will sail for Europe and Africa, where he will hunt for two years.

Let us hope that he may meet with the greatest success abroad.

He certainly has made many warm friends during his brief sojourn here. — *Cincinnati Daily Enquirer*, May 16, 1878.

DETROIT, MICH.

**THE EXHIBITION BY DR. W. F. CARVER, THE
FAMOUS RIFLEMAN OF CALIFORNIA.**

For several days the crack marksmen and Detroit sportsmen in general have been in expectation of the visit of the famous rifle-shot, Dr. W. F. Carver, of California, and yesterday afternoon a large concourse of people assembled at the Hamtramck Driving Park to await the exhibition.

At three o'clock promptly the Doctor put in an appearance, walking carelessly up toward the grand stand, giving the audience a good opportunity to study his magnificent physique and picturesque make-up. He stands six feet and one inch in his stockings, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds.

His large and well-shaped head sets squarely upon his broad shoulders, and is covered with a heavy lot of slightly waving, dark auburn hair, which was combed straight back, and fell nearly to his shoulders. His strong and regular features were continually lighted up with a slight smile, and in repose indicate perfect physical strength, while his conversation and general behavior indicate a man of liberal information and culture.

The Doctor wore drab pants with delicate stripes of black interwoven; a black velvet shirt with deep turn-over collar. Upon his breast was a massive gold and jewel set championship badge, presented to him at San Francisco, and a smaller trophy, presented to him since his arrival east of the mountains.

About his waist was a large belt with a handsome gold buckle clasp, — another championship trophy, — and upon his head was a broad brimmed drab hat. Previous to his arrival a barrel filled with glass balls, and a Remington

rifle had been lying upon the table where Carver was to shoot, and had been thoroughly inspected by the audience, who, when the marksman arrived, were fully prepared to scan him closely, and his four handsome Winchester rifles.

They fairly swarmed about him, watching every movement with interest, and finally became so obtrusive that it was necessary to drive them away. After having prepared everything for the exhibition, the Doctor shot four or five glass balls, just to "get his hand in," breaking most of them, and winning applause.

Then followed the test of breaking eighty out of one hundred balls, and before giving the record of this part of the programme, it is proper to describe how the Doctor does his shooting:— To begin with he used four Winchester rifles, calibre 44, model of 1873, loading forty grains of powder. He stood with his face to the north, and in the shadow of the grand stand. Before him, and about forty feet away stood a boy (a resident of Detroit), who threw the balls.

The balls were the well-known green glass spheres, about two inches in diameter, and were thrown from twenty to thirty feet high. Carver stood with feet firmly placed, the left one before the right, with rifle-stock resting at the hip, and with both eyes open; the shooter gives the word, up go the glasses, the rifle cracks, and the fragments fall to the ground. Carver keeps both eyes open when sighting; never fails to drop the stock of his rifle to his hip after each shot; raises his gun with a movement which is a marvel of rapidity and steadiness, and in loading never makes a useless motion. He has simply worked the business of rifle-shooting down to absolute perfection.

Appended is the score of his attempt to break eighty out of one hundred glass balls:—

1	.	.	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	.	.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
3	.	.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
4	.	.	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1
5	.	.	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1
6	.	.	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0
7	.	.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
8	.	.	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1
9	.	.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
10	.	.	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0
Total balls broken													87

Thus it will be seen Dr. Carver's two largest runs were twenty-nine and thirty, while he also made two runs of ten and eleven. When it was announced by J. E. Lovey, the scorer, that he had broken eighty-seven out of one hundred balls, the applause was great, and while nearly everybody accorded to the doctor the credit of being a marvel, a few cynical individuals remarked that "it wasn't an up and up thing," and moved about grumbling over shells filled with shot instead of a rifle-ball. The murmurs reached the ears of the shooter, who smilingly remarked that he would settle that; a piece of brick, about four inches square, was thrown up, and the doctor shot it, breaking it into a hundred fragments, thus showing that the shells he used were not filled with shot. Then followed the successful rendition of the appended list of fancy shots:—

Shooting glass ball, the rifle upside down on top of shooter's head.

Shooting glass ball with rifle turned sideways.

Shooting glass ball, the rifle upside down, the shooter lying on his back over a stool.

Shooting glass ball with back to object, sighting by aid of a looking-glass.

Shooting glass balls, without sighting, holding the rifle on the hip.

Shooting glass balls with a strange musket.

Shooting a glass ball thrown in the air from twenty to thirty feet high, missing it with the first two shots, loading the gun twice while the ball is in the air, and breaking it with the third shot before it reaches the ground.

Shooting coins thrown into the air, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces, shooting Winchester rifle.

Fast shooting with Winchester rifle, breaking ten glass balls in twenty seconds.

Shooting glass ball, thrown from twenty to thirty yards high.

Shooting glass ball, thrown from a distance of thirty yards, straight at the shooter.

Breaking two glass balls thrown into the air at the same time, making a double shot, and loading the gun once while the balls are in the air.

In shooting at silver coins, Carver was flooded with offers from persons who desired to have souvenirs of the exhibition, and willingly threw up dollars and half-dollar pieces, and in many instances when they were hit squarely with the bullet they were knocked entirely out of sight, and the owners searched in vain for them.

At the close of the exhibition the Doctor granted a request, by drawing sight on a swiftly flying swallow as it sailed over the crowd, and brought it down at the first shot. This last feat was considered the most difficult of any, and was received with a perfect storm of applause.

Last evening the Doctor started for Pittsburg, where he will shoot to-day. — *Detroit Free Press*, May 18, 1878.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

Dr. Carver, of California, came to the fore. His feats with the rifle are truly wonderful, and the immense audience were carried away with enthusiasm. His first feat was with glass balls. A boy was employed to take a position some yards away, and toss the balls in quick succession straight up in the air.

The Doctor used a Winchester rifle, which is charged with a number of cartridges, and adjusted for shooting by pulling a spring. He broke forty-one of the fifty balls thrown in the air, and, in a subsequent effort, eighty-six out of one hundred, done in an incredible short space of time. He then broke several balls, shooting his rifle off twice in the air, before aiming at it, and after the ball had been tossed. Silver coins were then made the target, — they, too, in the air, — all of which, some fifteen, were broken by the unerring rifleman.

He shot at balls on the ground, holding his rifle upside down and sideways, and holding his gun over his shoulder and aiming by means of a looking-glass, and concluding with the wonderful “hip shot,” when the butt of the gun is held against the hip, and the aim taken by gauging the relative position of the mark aimed at and the gun from above. The ball placed about twenty yards away, upon the ground, was broken with the first fire, amid great applause.

Dr. Carver is a thorough-bred Western man, wearing the inevitable broad-brimmed light hat, and shoots in a velvet jacket, a magnificent gold badge, buckskin gloves, and patent leather wristbands, and wears a long leather belt with a gold buckle. — *Pittsburg Leader*, May 19, 1878.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DR. CARVER'S EXHIBITION WITH THE RIFLE YESTERDAY AT THE RACE TRACK — ASTONISHING FEATS APPARENTLY EASILY ACCOMPLISHED.

The attendance yesterday afternoon at the race track of the N.O.F.A., to witness the celebrated Dr. W. F. Carver, in his wonderful exhibition of rifle-shooting, was quite large, and there was ample opportunity of seeing something they had never before witnessed, or are likely to again, unless this marvellous man should decide to visit Cleveland once more. The feats he accomplished are truly astonishing, and were so pronounced by every one on the grounds. The exhibition opened shortly after three o'clock, when Dr. Carver made his appearance upon the track in a neat dress, composed of a plain velvet jacket and light trousers; his broad white hat set jauntily upon his head; and, as he walked down the track to where the shooting was to take place his easy and graceful bearing and pleasing look drew from the spectators a hearty burst of applause. A barrel of glass balls had been placed just off the track, and near the musician's stand; these, together with his rifle and accoutrements, were closely examined by the crowd that flocked near to get a better view. His first feat was that of breaking eighty-five glass balls out of a hundred, by shooting at them when thrown into the air. Before commencing this a few balls were tossed up and shot at, just to get his hand in, and the spectators were more than taken by surprise to see with what accuracy and certainty the little balls were smashed into a thousand pieces when the deadly aim of Carver covered them. The regular programme then commenced, and, with the exception of a few moments consumed in reloading the guns, the Doctor broke ninety-three out of the one hundred balls inside of fifteen

minutes. They were thrown into the air to a distance of perhaps twenty feet, by a Cleveland man, and, out of the one hundred, but seven were missed. This is something more than skill, and seems almost inspiration. The shooting was loudly applauded, and words of congratulation and praise were profuse on every hand.

The audience was composed of a class of persons who know what good shooting is and can appreciate it to its fullest measure. His next feat was the breaking of two glass balls thrown into the air at the same time, and then making a double shot and loading the gun once while the balls were in the air, and as these skilful feats were accomplished, the applause of the spectators increased correspondingly with their surprise. Dr. Carver continued his exhibition by shooting at coins thrown into the air, and invariably hit his mark. A couple of silver dollars were shot away out of sight, and a lot of coins, ranging from a fifty-cent piece to a nickel, were similarly disposed of. Some of these were recovered, and through the centre of almost every one the bullet had made its way with unerring accuracy.

Other and numerous feats with the glass balls were also accomplished in as equally a skilful manner, and along towards six o'clock the exhibition drew to a close. Every one was more than satisfied and pleased with the entertainment, and, although Dr. Carver was not feeling at all in his usual lively mood, he acquitted himself in the most satisfactory manner. The coolness displayed by him was remarkable, and throughout he preserved a quiet, unassuming demeanor that few men of his accomplishments would lack.

He leaves this morning, and after visiting Logansport, Ind., Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and New York, will sail from the latter port, on an extended trip through Europe, Asia, and Africa. — *Cleveland Leader*, May 28, 1878.

LOGANSPORT, IND.

The announcement of this exhibition, which had been widely circulated, attracted a large assembly, there being over two thousand people on the grounds, to witness the shooting of Dr. Carver, the famous California rifle-shot.

Among the feats performed was the breaking of eighty-four glass balls out of one hundred, thrown into the air; shooting glass balls with rifle upside down on top of shooter's head; also with the rifle turned sideways; also with the rifle upside down, the shooter lying on his back over a stool; also with back to the ball, sighting through a looking-glass; also from the hip without sighting; also the wonderful feat of firing, missing, reloading, and breaking the ball before it reaches the ground. Several dollars, and halves, which were thrown up, were sent humming through the air, and preserved by the owners as mementos. — *Logansport Chronicle*, May 31, 1878.

NEW YORK CITY.

NOTE. — Monday, June 3, 1878, Dr. Carver was in New York City for a day, *en route* for New Haven, Conn., to accept the hospitality of Gov. O. F. Winchester, of that city, when he was interviewed by representatives of the "New York Times" and "Sun," which papers published, on the succeeding day, the following articles: —

A TALK WITH DR. CARVER.

THE WONDERFUL WESTERN RIFLE-SHOOTER — WHAT HE SAYS
HE CAN DO WITH HIS RIFLE.

Dr. Carver, the Western rifle-shooter, has recently come to the East to exhibit his skill to the rifle-shooters of the

Atlantic coast. A "Times" reporter talked with him yesterday. Carver is a fine-looking man, straight as an Indian, and six feet two inches in height. He was born in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., some thirty-five years ago, and when a child he went to Wisconsin when that State was a wilderness, and since has led the free life of the Plains, hunting with the Indians. "I don't know," said Dr Carver, "when I couldn't shoot birds on the wing. Shooting at a fixed object never was sport to me. I suppose I tried my hand at birds first, and finding I could hit them with a rifle, I went on trying. It requires practice. Now I practise a great deal. I used to shoot, when with the Indians, quite well with a bow and arrow. I think, if I set at that again, I could do some wonderful things. It would take me two months to harden my muscles, and to toughen my fingers for that kind of work, however. My title of doctor don't amount to anything. The Indians called me that, and it has stuck to me. My object in coming East is to give a few exhibitions, and to attempt the feat of breaking with a rifle-ball five thousand five hundred balls in five hundred minutes. I am anxious to surpass Bogardus' number, and beat his time. It is very different from hitting a ball with a load of shot, and smashing it with a single ball fired from a Winchester. A load of shot will spread over a space bigger than my hat, but a rifle-ball don't cover much. You have to hold just there, or you will miss. At Omaha I went shooting with my Winchester rifle. We didn't see much, only three teal, and I brought them down one after the other with my rifle when they were on the wing. The other day, at an exhibition in the West, I broke a glass ball, and, just as I shattered it, I sighted a swallow. I made a double shot, and a dead swallow and a splintered glass ball fell to the ground at the same time. It has been about a year since I gave exhibitions. I never had an idea of doing it until my California

friends urged me into the business. I have some desire to go abroad, and hope, some time in August, to be in England, where I shall give exhibitions." Dr. Carver will give his first exhibition in New Haven to-day. He says he can hit a three-cent piece, when it is thrown in the air, with a rifle-ball. — *New York Daily Times*, Tuesday, June 4, 1878.

A MARVELLOUS MARKSMAN.

THE WONDER OF THE PACIFIC COAST IN NEW YORK'S STREETS
— SHATTERING GLASS BALLS WITH A RIFLE AT FULL
GALLOP — THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF DR. CARVER — HIS
ASTONISHING RECORD — HIS SHOT-GUN MANŒUVRES — OFF
FOR THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

Dr. W. F. Carver, whose wonderful exploits with the rifle have electrified the Pacific coast, arrived in this city yesterday and took rooms at the Astor House. Dr. Carver says he was born in Saratoga in 1840. When four years old his parents moved to Minnesota. They were killed by the Indians in the Spirit Lake massacre of 1845. The son was carried off by the Dakotas, and lived with them sixteen years. In winter they were snugly ensconced at the Indian agencies, but in summer the most of them went on the war-path. The Doctor was brought up with the Indian boys, and grew as tough as a pine knot. Before he was nine years old he became an expert marksman. He could shoot an arrow with the most skilful brave, and handle a rifle with the nerve of Natty Bumppo. The savages gave him an old rifle that worked with a pill instead of a cap, and he was always fortunate in securing ammunition from the traders. When nine years old he began to shoot birds on the wing with this rifle. The first bird shot in flight was a blue-jay. It was sitting in a tree. The Doctor was about to take aim, when

the bird flew. On the impulse of the moment he blazed away, and the jay tumbled to the ground a dead bird. From that time he practised until his expertness was marvellous. He dropped a whirring grouse at nearly every crack of the rifle. He rarely missed, even when on horseback, and the Dakotas began to regard him as superhuman. He killed buffalo and deer, shooting from his hip, and never raised his rifle to his eye when shooting at sitting or standing game.

The Doctor says that his pill gun was quickly exchanged for a Hawkins rifle. He became almost a thorough savage, and declares that he had no desire to leave the Dakotas. His reputation as a dead-shot spread among the trappers, and one Sweely, after much importunity, got him to go with him to the Mississippi river to shoot matches with the whites. He shot at different places along the river, creating great astonishment, and finally landed in the little town of Winslow, Ill. Here he got four years' schooling, and learned to read and write. But a civilized life disagreed with him. He became restless, and finally went back to the plains and began killing buffalo for market. He is credited with killing more buffalo than any man north of the Platte. He became intimate with Buffalo Bill, and says that he has had many a hunt with him. The Sioux and other Indians were troublesome, and Carver had many savage skirmishes. The Indians called him "Evil Spirit," on account of his marvellous marksmanship. He shot the most of his buffalo with a rifle while his horse was on a dead run. Once on the range he built a cabin on the Little Medicine, a branch of the Republican Fork of the Platte river. He stayed upon this land until it was thrown open for settlement, and then preëmpted one hundred and sixty acres.

Soon after the cabin was built Carver had a narrow escape from death. He was seated at his camp fire, drinking hot coffee from a tin cup, when an arrow dashed the cup from

his hand and a bullet grazed his skull. The arrow tore away part of his finger, and the scars of both wounds are still to be seen. While on the buffalo range Carver rescued two white women. They were a Mrs. Hawthorne and her daughter, who came from some town near Utica, N.Y. They had been visiting a brother in California, and were captured in the fall, while returning home, by the Brulos Sioux in the Ogalalla country, near the head of the Republican. While Carver was returning to the Little Medicine with a companion after dark, they lost their way in a snow-storm, and stumbled upon seven or eight lodges. The camp was in a profound slumber. Carver cut open the side of one of the lodges and peered in. Mrs. Hawthorne saw his face and screamed with delight. An old squaw rushed into the tent and was brought down by a blow from Carver's rifle. The white women ran out, were placed on the horses, and Carver and his comrade struck out through the falling snow and the darkness. They made good their escape, but came within an ace of freezing to death. Soon after daylight they reached Carver's cabin, on the Little Medicine. Carver says that he sheltered them nearly two years. The mother finally married one Nash, who lived in Texas, and from that day to this he has never seen her.

The second winter on the Little Medicine was very severe. Game and fuel were scarce, and Carver was at one time on the verge of starvation. As spring approached friends urged him to go to California. He took their advice, and, after endeavoring to master the dental profession, relapsed into his old habits and roamed about the country in search of game. He became as expert with a shot-gun as with a rifle. While on the plains he says that he made a bet that he would kill five plover on the wing out of twelve while riding a horse at full gallop. He shot ten out of the twelve. This shooting was from the shoulder.

While in San Francisco, Carver was matched to shoot

glass balls with Bogardus. The Captain was to use a double-barrelled shot-gun, and the Doctor a rifle. There were five matches in all. Each won one, and the other three were ties. His next match was for \$500. He was to break two hundred and twenty-five glass balls out of three hundred. He broke two hundred and forty-one. Soon after he shot a match with John Ruth, breaking eight hundred and eighty-five balls out of one thousand. Ruth used a shot-gun and the Doctor his rifle. Ruth gave up the contest after scoring fifty. On winning this match the Doctor received a magnificent gold badge nearly as large as a door-plate and fully as heavy. It is capped with the image of a grizzly bear nearly two inches long, made of solid gold. A thick plate of the precious metal swings from the feet of the bear and is inscribed as follows : —

DR. W. F. CARVER,

Champion Rifle Shot of the World.

Won Feb. 22, 1878.

Breaking 885 Glass Balls out of a Possible Thousand.

A second gold plate, larger and thicker, with a richly-chased border, is suspended from the above. It is the coat of arms of California, carved in gold of different colors. The word "Eureka" is surrounded by thirty-eight raised stars. Below this sits the Goddess of Liberty with her shield and cap. A grizzly bear prowls at her feet, and a miner is digging at her right. All the figures are raised. The medal is valued at eight hundred dollars.

Carver's fourth match was shot in Denver, against a sportsman named Golden, the latter using a shot-gun, and the Doctor his rifle. Carver broke ninety-seven balls out of one hundred, and Golden retired, after breaking forty-seven out of fifty. The stakes were five hundred dollars a side, and Carver allowed Golden to call it a draw because

he says the old man was poor, and he didn't want his money. He next shot a match with John Petty, of Omaha, betting five hundred dollars to three hundred dollars. Petty used a double-barrelled gun, and the Doctor his rifle. Out of a possible five hundred the Doctor broke four hundred and eighty-seven balls. His antagonist scored four hundred and seventy-eight. Carver broke his last two balls on a second shot, reloading his Winchester while the balls were in the air.

Soon afterward he received a second badge, a horse's head of solid gold, with large diamond eyes and ruby nostrils. A representation of a glass ball is fastened to the head, and the golden horse carries a golden rifle in its mouth. The head is as large as a man's thumb, and bears the inscription : —

DR. W. F. CARVER,

Champion Rifle Shot of the World.

He received this badge for breaking fifty successive glass balls while riding a horse at full speed. The horse was a green animal from a livery stable. A gun had never before been fired from his back. He pitched and reared, but the Doctor finally subdued him, though he was compelled to use a blind bridle to finish the match. His experience with the Dakotas stood him in good stead, for many of the balls were broken shooting under the neck of the horse at full speed.

But his most extraordinary feat was done in private, while endeavoring to break two thousand glass balls with a rifle at ten paces. The spectators say that he shattered over eight hundred successively, missing only seven out of the two thousand. This feat was done in Oakland, California, in the presence of a large number of spectators.

Dr. Carver left Omaha on April 27th. He gave an

exhibition in Chicago, breaking, with a rifle, ninety-four balls out of one hundred. In Cincinnati he broke ninety-two; in Detroit, eighty-seven; in Pittsburgh, eighty-seven; and in Cleveland, eighty-nine. He last appeared in Logansport, Ind., where he broke eighty-four balls out of one hundred, and shattered one hundred in six minutes. About the middle of next week he intends giving an exhibition in this city, and is looking for somebody to make a wager that he cannot break five thousand five hundred glass balls with a rifle-ball in five hundred minutes.

He prides himself especially upon his fancy shots. From the hip he claims to be a dead-shot at anything stationary within a reasonable distance. During his exhibition he has a man throw a ball twenty or thirty feet into the air. Before it falls he will fire at it and reload his gun twice, breaking it on the third shot.

At from twelve to fifteen yards he will break as many balls as one man can keep in the air, thrown as high as possible, reloading at every shot. One of his most astounding feats is shattering a ball thrown straight at his head by a man thirty yards distant. He shoots right and left, with a man on each side throwing the balls in the air. At the crack of the rifle the balls are cracked. He concludes his exhibition by throwing two balls in the air at once, breaking one, loading his rifle, and shattering the other before it reaches the ground. When he first tried this shot in San Francisco over thirty thousand dollars changed hands. The odds against it were enormous. He says that the only time he ever failed to make it at the first attempt was at Logansport. In that city he hit with a rifle-ball seventeen successive trade dollars thrown over a tree, and stopped shooting only when the Hoosiers refused to risk their dollars. He shoots at half-dollars and dimes tossed in the air, and knocks the spots out of nickels. He says that when a nickel the coin hums like

a bumble bee, but the dimes, quarters, halves, and dollars make no noise, the bullet passing through them.

Dr. Carver declares that he has broken glass balls while he was mounted, and his horse was in the act of leaping a fence four feet high. He says that he never takes sight while shooting from the shoulder or from the hip. He can give no explanation, but says that it comes natural. The most of his matches have been shot at from fifteen to twenty yards. He generally uses a ten-pound Winchester rifle, with a twenty-eight inch barrel of forty-four calibre, loading with forty pounds of powder. He says his pair of Winchesters have been discharged over forty thousand times, and he intends to use them in the forthcoming attempt to break five thousand five hundred balls in five hundred minutes. He says the make of the rifle makes but little difference to him. He can do as well with a Remington or any other gun, provided it can be loaded in time. His ear is sore from the excessive shooting, and he fears that he is becoming deaf. His hands are blistered from his performances at Logansport, and he says that when the shells fly out of the breech of his rifle they frequently strike him in the eye, and endanger his sight.

But the Doctor asserts that he can shoot by sound almost as well as by sight. He has appeared on the stage blind-folded, and sent the ball through a bell rung behind him. While on the plains his hearing was so remarkable that he claims to have killed many a coyote firing at the sound in the darkness, and not seeing the animal.

Doctor Carver says that he shall go to Europe about November, giving exhibitions of his skill at the Paris Exposition. On the approach of winter he intends visiting Africa for the purpose of hunting big game. If he lives he will return to California by way of Australia.

The Doctor is six feet two inches high, and weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds. He has auburn locks, a

red mustache, a ruddy complexion, regular features, clear brown eyes, and a good-natured expression, and wears no flashy jewelry. He wears a broad-brimmed felt hat of a light color, and neither drinks nor smokes. He takes a pardonable pride in exhibiting his medals, and, while he does not hesitate to tell what he can do, never refers to it in a boastful manner. He left for New Haven last evening on the eleven o'clock boat, on a visit to Gov. Winchester.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION YESTERDAY AT QUINNIPIAC RANGE, SEEN BY 5,000 PEOPLE, — SHOOTING TRADE DOLLARS, AND BREAKING 1,000 GLASS BALLS IN 72½ MINUTES.

At last the famous California marksman, Dr. W. F. Carver, was favored yesterday by good weather, and the great interest which his wonderful shooting has awakened was shown by the gathering at Quinnipiac Range, in the afternoon. People who had been there two or three times and had been disappointed came again, although they had said they never would do so. At half-past two there were at least five thousand people bunched in front of the range-house, and more were coming. Most of the people were standing or sitting behind the ropes, but some were in carriages, and in the crowd were many ladies who found the exhibition very attractive, and in no way objectionable. In the centre stood Dr. Carver, probably the finest specimen of physical manhood in the assembly, clad in light trousers, a black velvet shirt, white gauntlets, and his great, broad-brimmed felt hat. On his breast were some of the handsome badges his skill had won. Around him were several barrels of glass balls, and attendants with a number of Winchester rifles,—he uses no other. A big flag floated from the

range-house, and every target in the meadow was decorated with little ones. This was to be the first exhibition in the East, by the man who had won the right to wear upon the broad gold shield of his belt, the words, "Dr. W. F. Carver, Champion Rifle Shot of the World." A little before three, he began preliminary practice by breaking a few single balls. Then he astonished the crowd by letting a young man pitch balls at him from a point about fifty feet away, and breaking them just before they reached him. A few were thrown high up in the air, and, as he cracked them, the feathers which were in them flew far away, and hung upon the tops of the meadow grasses. He began his real work by an attempt to break eighty-five out of one hundred and sixty balls thrown twenty feet into the air, from a point twenty feet away. He succeeded, breaking ninety-three out of one hundred, and hitting twenty-five and twenty-six in succession. He has done much better than this since coming to this city, breaking, the other day, one hundred and twenty-eight balls in succession under the same circumstances.

The wind was in his face yesterday, and the broken glass fell upon him, and sometimes in his eyes. His success was warmly applauded. Mr. W. W. Winchester then announced that he would give the crowd a benefit by letting the Doctor shoot some trade dollars. Forty-six of them were thrown up in the air about ten feet above the boy's head, and ten feet away from the rifle; of these, twenty-six were hit by balls. Some were carried one hundred feet and some five hundred, and as each one started on its flight with a loud, peculiar whir, a crowd of men and boys rushed after it, and dug frantically in the grass and dirt for the coin. Many of the dollars had clean holes through them. A boy caught one on the fly. The scramble for them made much fun for the crowd. Then the Doctor shot two balls thrown up at once. Next he tried the feat of twice missing, pur-

posely, a ball, and then breaking it. After succeeding in this he shot a few single balls, and then got ready for the great feats of the day. First came the breaking of two hundred balls against time. This work was done in just ten minutes and thirty seconds, or an average of one in little over three seconds. The Doctor, after a short rest, decided to let the two hundred apply upon the one thousand which he was to try and break in eighty minutes, and he proceeded to his work, counting the resting time. During the shooting in this attempt, the Doctor showed rare nerve and endurance. In fact, he seemed to be a man of iron.

The first five hundred balls were broken in just thirty minutes, or an average of one ball in three and three-fifths seconds. At the end of sixty minutes he had broken eight hundred and fifty-six, and about this time he showed some wonderful shooting, breaking eighty-six balls in rapid succession without missing any. Thirty of these he broke in one minute. The boys, some of whom had somewhat interfered with him before by hunting for coins in the meadow in front of his rifle, now crowded in upon the little open space before him, and he took a novel way to get them back to the ropes which held the crowd in place.

His attendants threw the balls to one side over the boys, so that, when hit, the pieces of glass fell upon them. The Doctor's good-humor has made every one his friend, and the boys openly complained to him of the treatment, and laughingly retreated.

As time passed on the Doctor saw he had plenty of time to win, and therefore he varied the shooting by trying all sorts of feats. Passing swallows fluttered as the bullets tickled their wings, and occasionally the shooter would fire three times at the same ball while it was in the air, breaking it with his third shot. Then he would tell his assistants to throw two up together and he would try to break them both, his success calling out hearty applause. At last

the one thousandth ball was smashed, and the time was announced to be seventy-two and one-half minutes, — better than he had promised by seven and one-half minutes, — and it was easy to see he could have accomplished the feat in several minutes less. After this the crowd rushed in to see the Doctor and his guns, and only his rifle-shots in the air and the efforts of the police cleared for him again a space in which to work. He practised for some time upon small stones thrown high in the air, breaking them, and scattering the fragments far and wide. Then he got at work upon a collection of small coins, gathered by some of the crowd. Pennies and five-cent nickels were tossed up, struck by his unerring bullets, and taken off into space, most of them never to be seen again. This sport closed the exhibition. The special train that went out at 2.10 P.M. consisted of twelve cars, and another one made up and sent out afterwards. Many carriages were on the grounds; but the majority of those present walked to the range. The thanks of all who enjoyed such a rare and wonderful exhibition of skill and nerve are due to Dr. Carver, and also to the representative of the Winchester Arms Company, whose untiring efforts contributed so much to its success. — *The Palladium*, June 13, 1878.

Dr. Carver gave three exhibitions at the Brooklyn Driving Park, N.Y., on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of July, 1878, and the following are the comments of three of the leading New York newspapers thereon : —

THE MAGICAL MARKSMAN.

DR. W. F. CARVER CLIPPING THE WING OF A LUSTY BUMBLE-BEE. — WONDERFUL SHOOTING IN DEERFOOT PARK — SENDING SILVER DOLLARS, HALVES, NICKELS, AND THREE-CENT PIECES WHIZZING THROUGH THE AIR.

At three P.M. yesterday, Dr. Carver stepped to the front of the little shed, near the centre of Deerfoot Park. Four Winchester rifles lay on a table to the right. The famed Texas Jack and Col. Fletcher, of San Francisco, briskly shoved bullets into the rifles, supplying themselves from a strong rug carpet-bag on the table. A barrel of glass balls stood thirty-five feet away. The Doctor picked up a rifle, and took a position near the table. The spectators spread out in two long wings on each side. Carver's long auburn hair was thrown behind his ears. He wore dark pantaloons, lapped over his boots, a soft, white flannel shirt, his light-colored sombrero, and a glazed belt, with a gold buckle, nearly as large as a railroad frog. His right hand was covered with a grimy buckskin glove, and the corner of a blue silk handkerchief peered from the pocket of his shirt. A white silk scarf encircled his neck, and was fastened to his bosom by the diamond-eyed and ruby-nostrilled gold horse's head presented to him after breaking fifty successive glass balls while riding a horse at full speed in California. The magnificent badge given by his friends in San Francisco, on Washington's birthday, after the breaking of eight hundred and eighty-five balls out of a possible one thousand. swung from his left breast.

At the Doctor's request Col. Fletcher tossed several glass balls in the air, for the purpose of putting him in trim. The most of them were shattered as though struck by lightning. There were four or five misses, but from twenty to thirty were broken before the Doctor stopped shooting. "Throw them up as high as you can—higher, higher!" said the Doctor; and up they went, eighty or ninety feet, and were broken on the turn. Each ball was filled with feathers, and as the glass was shattered the feathers floated off on the wind.

The Doctor then tried to shoot thrice, reloading his gun twice while a ball was in the air, and break it at the third shot. He did it on the third trial. Half of the ball fell among the spectators behind him. Texas Jack said, "Dead bird, but fell out of bounds." This drew a laugh from the usually saturnine Doctor.

The work of the day was begun. What had been done was mere by-play. One hundred balls were thrown into the air alternately, and they melted away like magic. The Doctor shattered ninety-one out of the hundred. As fast as each rifle was emptied of its score of balls he laid it upon the table and seized a fresh gun. He shot faster than Texas Jack could load. The balls were hurled in the air from fifteen to eighteen yards in front of the Doctor. The hot rifles were handed to an attendant, who set them in a tub of water, and sponged them off like horses. They were then wiped out and handed to Texas Jack, who reloaded them.

After again successfully trying his triple shot, a ball was tossed skyward and broken by the Doctor, who aimed and discharged the rifle with one hand. He then began to call for trade dollars. Several were thrown into the air, and promptly chopped by the Doctor's bullets. Some were sent spinning a hundred yards, and it was amusing to see the crowd start after them before they fell. A Peruvian Sol

was chipped. Texas Jack matched the Peruvian with a Mexican dollar. Pointing to the cap of liberty in the centre, he shouted, "Knock out that cap, Doctor." The dollar was sent above the heads of the spectators, the rifle cracked, and Jack flew after the metal. It had a hole through the centre, and the liberty cap was taken out as neatly as though cut out by a chisel. Nothing but the rays of the sun remained. A quarter was flipped up and shot out of sight. Jack said he saw it going a long way off. "It turned sideways," said he, "and dropped in the edge of the grass," pointing to a patch of timothy over one hundred yards away. Its owner was chagrined, for he wanted it as a memento. A five-cent nickel glistened in the sunlight, and was snuffed out like a candle. A cent followed it with a "pi-i-ing" that vibrated on the drum of the ear like the twang of a guitar string.

Mr. Haynes then announced that the Doctor would break a hundred balls on time. The four rifles were loaded, and a man detailed to assist Texas Jack in keeping them loaded. A boy stepped to the barrel and handed the balls to Col. Fletcher, who kept them in the air as fast as he could throw them. The Doctor stood as though carved in stone. The rifle was raised and fired. A quick jerk downward with the right hand popped the empty shell in his face, and a second shot was heard. Eighteen glass balls were broken as quick as a lazy man could clap his hands eighteen times. Then a ball was missed: There was another long run of dead shots, followed by two misses. One hundred and eight balls were broken in three minutes and fifty-three seconds. The time would have been even better, were it not for an awkward balk with one of the rifles. This is the best time ever made by the Doctor, beating his Boston time over forty seconds. He discharged the rifles faster than two men could load them.

Col. Fletcher then stood a hundred paces away, and

began to hurl glass balls at the Doctor's head. The Doctor missed the first two, and then shattered four in succession. They were thrown with such force that the broken pieces were showered upon Carver's broad-brimmed sombrero. During this scene two martins darted across his vision, and quick as thought he blazed away, but missed them.

Col. Fletcher then hurled a ball in the sky with all his force. It went up like a rocket, and began a beautiful curve a hundred feet above Carver's head. He kept his feet, bent himself backward in the shape of a bow, drew the rifle to his eye, and shivered the glass into a million of fragments. A handful of feathers appeared and sailed away upon the air like the fiery drippings of an exploded rocket.

After this feat the Doctor discarded the rifle for a Parker-shot-gun. Col. Fletcher stood thirty yards distant, and threw the balls away beyond him. They were broken repeatedly at from seventy to eighty yards. After several trials the Doctor broke at that distance two balls thrown in the air at the same time. He repeated this feat three times.

A heavy ball made of bell metal, Col. Fletcher's invention, so constructed that it would ring whenever a shot touched it, was rolled in the air. The Doctor rang it fifteen times twice before it reached the ground. These shots were made at a distance of from fifty to sixty yards. The Doctor then retired.

The most of the spectators rushed for the cars, more than satisfied. The Doctor drew on his coat, and quietly drank two glasses of sarsaparilla. He takes nothing stronger.

After a half hour's rest he raised a rifle without removing his coat, and asked his friend Texas Jack to pitch up something while he emptied the gun. Jack tossed up a peanut at fifteen feet, and the Doctor shot off the end. A ginger

snap was split in twain. The cover of a paper box was propped on the ground fifty feet away. The Doctor discharged his rifle from the hip, and promptly put two bullets through it. He afterward broke three soda-bottles at the same distance, shooting in the same manner; but he made many misses while blazing at the bottles. All the bullets, however, struck the ground within three inches of them. Many persons think that the Doctor takes no aim while shooting from the hip. This is a mistake, for the manner in which he runs his eye along the barrel, gazes at the sight, and takes in the object in view, shows that he seeks a correct angle before pulling the trigger. In shooting on the wing he takes sight without shutting either eye. This attracted the attention of a stranger yesterday. "Why do you aim with both eyes open, Doctor?" he inquired.

"Oh, it's a habit I acquired on the Plains," responded the Doctor. "When shooting deer, I kept one eye open for the deer and the other one open for Indians."

After the hip-shooting, the Doctor seemed attacked with a rifle fever. He blazed away at anything. Two pocket match-boxes were spun into the air and knocked into smithereens. A gentleman threw up a blue lead-pencil, and it fell to the ground in two pieces. A black pencil met the same fate. A lusty bumble-bee hummed over the sward, and the Doctor greeted it with a bullet that out-hummed the insect, for the bee flew off at a tangent, and took the ground in a bee line. The Doctor had shot away its wing. One of the most surprising shots was at a rifle cartridge. It was struck the first time at twenty-five feet, and the shell knocked off. Carver drove the bullet through the air with the second shot. A silver three-cent piece was wiped out on the second trial. An enthusiastic genius wobbled his pocket-book skyward, and it came down with a hole in it. There was a general laugh when it was discovered that the man had forgotten to take the money out of it.

A folded copy of "the Sun" went up, and came down pierced. On unfolding it twenty-five holes were found in the paper. Texas Jack threw up two bricks. There were two reports, and the spectators were covered with brick-dust. The Doctor broke a brick, reloaded his gun, and shot one of the detached pieces to atoms while in the air. He also shot off the neck of a soda-bottle while in the air, recharged his rifle, and shattered the bottle before it fell.

This last feat was so surprising that a gentlemanly Spaniard, wearing a diamond on his shirt-front blazing like a star, expressed his unbounded admiration. "I know how to shoot very nice," said he. "I see these things. I hardly don't believe it."

Col. Fletcher then threw up a fence picket endwise. A bullet pierced its centre. Again it was launched into the atmosphere. A second bullet went through the hole made by the first. The picket was kept in the air, and in seven shots the Doctor cut it in two pieces. A negro with a buck saw could not have done better.

Mr. J. T. Hill, one of Col. Berdan's sharp-shooters, picked up a piece of lath six inches long, stood forty feet away, and asked the Doctor to shoot it out of his hand. Carver did so. Then Texas Jack held up a shingle, and seven bullets were sent through it so close together that they made a hole large enough for a rat to jump through. Hill then held up an exploded cartridge, and the Doctor shot it from between his thumb and forefinger. Hill had never seen the Doctor until yesterday, but after witnessing his shooting said that he would not hesitate to "hold up a fly by the hind legs, and let him rip away at it."

When the writer left Deerfoot Park, twilight was approaching; but the fever was still on the Doctor. Texas Jack and he were shooting at silver quarters with a revolver that looked as though it might be owned by a German shoemaker. In this match Texas Jack was holding his own. Quarters

were struck every minute, and sent bounding into the air, to the delight of a dozen little urchins who were hopeful of picking up the stray ones. The Doctor gives another exhibition to-day. — *New York Sun, Friday, July 5, 1878.*

WONDERFUL DR. CARVER.

HIS SHOOTING YESTERDAY BEFORE A LARGE CROWD MORE EXTRAORDINARY THAN EVER — WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT?

Dr. Carver's shooting at the Brooklyn Driving Park yesterday was more miraculous than on the day previous. The attendance was much larger, and among those present were many prominent riflemen and members of the gun clubs in the vicinity. Philip Duffy, of Brooklyn, sent the following: "Philip Duffy is ready to stake two hundred and fifty dollars a side that Dr. Carver cannot kill forty pigeons out of fifty; twenty-one yards rise; gun below the elbow." The challenge did not receive a response, as the Doctor does not care to shoot pigeons, and did not, he said, want any such business; but if any man wants to shoot him a fair and square match for love or fun, he was the man to do it. At the opening of the shooting a large attendance was present; the excitement to see the commencement of the practice was quite intense. The Doctor had better tables than usual, well laden with his rifles and ammunition. His first effort was to try a new gun of the Winchester pattern, of forty-four calibre. The gun in question was of inferior make, and the cartridges taken from the stock in store, loaded with forty grains of powder, and with this new gun, which he had never seen until the moment of firing, he made the following score: 1 1 1 1 1, 0 1 0 1 1, 1 1 0 1 1, 0 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 0 1 0, 1 0 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 0 1 1 1 1. The Doctor then said to a friend of his that he

had better go and get a Springfield musket or something else, as it made no difference what he shot with. The next in order was the breaking of one hundred balls, or as many as possible out of the hundred. Score: 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 0 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1. Ninety-nine balls broken out of one hundred, the balls being thrown directly in the air, which is unparalleled in rifle-shooting.

NO CHANCE FOR HARD MONEY.

After this the Doctor commenced his shooting at objects for the amusement of the crowd. Sticks were thrown up and cut in twain; a lead-pencil was shivered to atoms; a silver dollar, thrown by Colonel Fletcher, went whizzing through the air, and out of sixty-three coins thrown in the air, a majority of which were one, two, and three-cent pieces, with a fair distribution of silver quarters, but few were found, as the bullets sent them far away over the grassy field. He only missed nine pieces of the whole number thrown up. The wonderful accuracy in hits satisfied the crowd perfectly for the loss of the cash targets in the air. The Doctor asked if there was "any more wealth to be sacrificed;" but responses did not come, as returns were very uncertain. Next to coins a key was thrown up, spinning, and was not recovered, being knocked to parts unknown. A tobacco-box was shattered in an instant, amid the cheers of all present; after which silver dollars were again thrown up, but few of them recovered. Sardine-bokes, pocket-handkerchiefs tied in knots, and all sorts of things, were consecutively thrown up, and Carver good-naturedly shot them all, as every one present appeared to want a memento of the occasion. One gentleman, somewhat excited, threw up his knife, and was minus a knife in

an instant. Another threw up a gold ring, which was sent to the timber with a bullet behind it. A tape measure in a metallic case was rendered measureless at a single shot, and many more articles as readily wrecked. After this Carver did some remarkable work by smashing balls in the air so rapidly as to create great applause and excite general comment. The balls were thrown very high and the crowd were standing close around him, but he was as cool as ever, and said, "Now throw it clear up and I will hit it sure," and sure enough he did. Up to this time over three hundred balls had been disposed of, besides the object-work, and having but few balls left for rapid shooting he went on a hunt for soda-water bottles. He failed, however, in procuring them, as most of the gentlemen present were drinking lemonade.

MAJOR FULTON'S GREAT FEAT.

While he was detained on this mission Major Fulton, of the American team, tried his hand with the rifle, and, after firing fourteen shots, succeeded in breaking one ball, which caused great merriment. The Doctor came back, and glass balls were thrown at his head. He missed the first, broke the second and third, missed the fourth, broke the fifth, knocked the sixth away with his hand, and shattered the seventh to atoms. Fragments of articles were next thrown at him, and as rapidly destroyed. The next thing in order was one hundred balls, on time, as a new supply had been procured. The score was as follows :—

0 1 1 1 1, 0 1 0 1 1,
 1 1 1 1 0, 1 1 1 0 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 0 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1,
 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 0 1 1 1 0, 1 1 1 1 1, 0 1 1 1 1,
 1 0 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 0 1, 0 1 1 0 1, 1 1 1 1 1,
 1 0 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 0, 1 1 0 1 0, 1 0 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1,
 1 0 1 1 1. The time was 4m. 14s.

A LUCKLESS POTATO.

Afterwards he continued his object-shooting, breaking pieces of brick, and blowing them to a powder while in the air. Potatoes were next sacrificed to lead, and fragments sent flying over the fields. One potato was hit three times while in the air, and he fired five shots before it struck the ground. His expressions while shooting were at times comical. He would call for Texas Jack in true Indian style, and frequently make remarks in the true broken Indian phrase, such as "Heap good Sioux," and "Bad Injun."

THE TINKLING OF THE BELLS.

The bell balls were tried again very successfully with the choke-bored Parker guns, and the pigeon-shooters present were greatly surprised at results, as the Doctor kept the bells ringing in the air as fast as they were thrown. The precision of his shooting was truly wonderful. Two balls thrown crosswise were as successfully hit as any others, and Carver remarked frequently, "Throw them anywhere; it makes no difference to me;" and consecutive shots fired at random showed conclusively that he was not mistaken.

The exhibition closed at a late hour, and every one present went away immensely satisfied. Major Fulton said that it took time and experience to glance over the Winchester sights at such short range, and he thought Dr. Carver was the most wonderful shot he had ever heard of at close shooting.—*N. Y. Herald, Sunday, July 7, 1878.*

DOCTOR W. CARVER.

THE MOST WONDERFUL OF RIFLEMEN.

Some six or eight months ago the "FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN" received a curious letter. Now we are the recipients of a great many strange epistles; but this was so peculiar of its kind, and the writer offered to accomplish so many strange feats, apparently impossible ones, with a rifle or shot-gun, that, with a smile of credulity, we absolutely tossed the California letter aside. Our readers, we thought, would laugh at us if we gave publicity to such a farago of nonsense. Here was a man, unknown to us, who proposed to break glass balls with a rifle — a thousand, five thousand, of them in some impossible time — and to do any kind of shooting on foot or on horseback. The communication was signed "Dr. W. F. Carver." That letter remained on our desk for a day or so unanswered, unheeded, when, by chance, a California friend entered our office. Chancing to find the letter open, we showed it to our friend, a thorough sportsman and a capital shot, remarking, "Do you know anything about this? It is all nonsense and bounce, is it not?" Our friend shook his head and said, "Not a bit of it. Publish every line of it. A year ago I saw that man shoot, and there is not a human being in this world, as far as I know, who can equal him. There is no false boasting about it. If he comes East you will see a phenomenal shot. Reputation for skill with fire-arms in the West, where so many shoot well, is hard to acquire; but on the Plains Dr. Carver is known far and

wide. It seems miraculous to you ; but it can be done by the man who writes you that letter." We must confess that, with some slight compunction, we did publish the letter in the "FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN." Our readers may remember, too, that about that time some of our correspondents, quite as skeptical as ourselves, wrote amusing letters, travestying the pretensions of Dr. Carver. Now that we have seen with our own eyes Dr. Carver's skill, we are prepared to state that his performances both with the rifle and shot-gun are indeed phenomenal.

Dr. Carver stands some six feet two inches tall, and is a singularly handsome man, with a pair of brown hazel eyes. The physiological fact, which seems to have been borne out so far, that men with gray eyes are the best riflemen, finds an exception then in the present case. Elegantly formed, with no extra weight to carry, in shooting his position is quite classic. Standing well poised on his legs, he holds his Winchester rifle with his extended left arm almost as far as his hand will reach. The mechanical movement of the right hand to work the lever of the rifle so as to throw out the exploded cartridge and to bring another one from the magazine is instantaneous. The left arm holds the piece rigid, while his right hand in a second of time goes through the manipulation of the piece. Shots are made always with both eyes in shooting. Questions have been asked us with regard to the Doctor's method of sighting. It would be impossible, we should think, to bring the rear and fore sights of the piece in the line with the object to be hit. In using the shot-gun no rear sights are ever thought of. Even in the very rapid shots it is possible that the fore sight may not be absolutely necessary. Some expert Creedmore men, who have witnessed Carver's performances, think it is only the end of the rifle on which he sights, irrespective of the fixed sight.

Dr. Carver uses the Winchester repeating rifle, calibre

forty-four, loaded with forty grains of powder, with a bullet of two hundred grains, weighing about ten pounds. The piece will hold some fifteen to seventeen cartridges. Of course nothing but a repeating arm would serve the Doctor for his rapid shots. In shooting, the hands of the marksman are covered with buckskin gloves. His grip is immense. This was evident when he used the Parker gun, as with one movement of his hand he is enabled to push up the catch of the gun and depress the barrels.

Commencing on the 4th of July at the Brooklyn Driving Park, the exhibition was continued during the afternoons of the fifth and sixth. The performances were varied, comprising many of the most wonderful feats of skill. To show the rapidity of the fire, one surprising shot, a ball being thrown in the air, is to fire twice or thrice at it, and to break the ball at the third or fourth fire. For breaking glass balls, with the fewest misses, or shooting on time, an assistant stands some twenty-five feet from the rifleman, and throws the balls about twenty feet in the air. We think it is rather more difficult to break a glass ball pitched in the air by hand than when it is sprung from a trap. There is a methodical curve a ball takes when mechanically thrown, which is quite constant. This is the method employed by all the leading shots, when breaking the most balls, or in time matches. A description of the final performances of Dr. Carver, which took place on Saturday last, will suffice to give our readers a fair idea of the skill of the rifleman. On a long table were placed the four rifles, under the charge of the well-known Texas Jack, who superintended the loading and cooling of the pieces. From rapid firing, after some sixteen to twenty shots, the rifle-barrel gets uncomfortable to handle, and water must be used. As there had been some comments made as to the character of the Winchester rifles used by the Doctor during his exhibitions, it having been alleged that they were peculiarly sighted, or

more carefully made, the publisher of this journal, Mr. T. C. Banks, selected at random, from the Winchester Arms Company, a brand-new arm, of their cheapest grade, — one the Doctor had never shot with before. This was done without the knowledge of the rifleman. Being requested to shoot with this rifle at the opening of the match, Doctor Carver showed that it really made very little difference what kind of a gun he used, making the following handsome score with a rifle which worked rather hard in the lever, as it had never been shot before. The following was the score : —

1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1
 — 42.

On concluding this feat the rifle was so hot as to scorch the fingers. Now the regular business of the day commenced ; this was one of the off incidents. The breaking of one hundred balls with the least misses was then attempted, and a wonderful score was made, the Doctor using his own rifles. There was a miss at the twelfth ball ; then eighty-eight balls were broken in succession. Score : —

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
 1
 1

As somebody remarked in the audience, “that probably there was no bullet in the twelfth cartridge, or the Doctor would have broken the ball,” the Doctor said, “It was, perhaps, better not to make a clean break of one hundred, or he would always be expected to do it.”

Now followed firing at bricks, sticks, and stones, thrown into the air. The flying projectiles were never missed. Very frequently, after breaking a large piece of brick with

the first fire, a bit of it would fly off like a fragment from an exploding shell, and quick as lightning the Doctor would catch it with a second ball, and it would be dissipated in a puff of red dust. A piece of wood, some two feet long by three inches wide, was thrown in the air. In four shots the Doctor had cut it in two, every shot striking in the same place. Now followed a wonderful shot. A small lead-pencil, one of the thinnest, certainly not larger in circumference than a straw, was tossed up, and at the second shot was cut in two. Another bit of pencil, just a nubbin, with a rubber attachment, was also broken. Then followed the shooting of pieces of money. Dollars, halves, quarters, nickels, and three-cent pieces were offered by the excited crowd to the Doctor to be shot at. The dollars were a shining mark, and were never missed, but with a sharp "ping" were whirled away off into the field. Think of a three-cent piece of the old kind, worn and used, thrown into the air as a mark for a bullet! These all were sent skyward.

Of sixty-three pieces thrown up only thirteen misses could be recorded. In one case eight coins, mostly nickels, were hit consecutively. The distance at which the pieces were thrown varied from twenty to thirty feet from the rifleman. The delighted audience brought out most anything they had in their pockets as offerings to the Doctor's skill. A key, some two inches long, was sent into the air. Now followed tobacco-boxes, knotted handkerchiefs, a lady's fan (hit right through the handle), sardine-boxes, match-boxes, pocket-books, a tape measure, a bunch of keys, and cartridge cases. Without a single exception all were smashed at the first shot. There is no rest taken by Dr. Carver in doing this. As long as there were cartridges or a rifle the Doctor seemed willing to go on. All the small property in the possession of the audience would have been smashed or splintered in process of time.

During the three-days' performance this was the most wonderful coin-hitting we had yet seen. Following this, the feat of hitting two balls right and left was attempted. The two assistants stood some twenty yards apart and threw the balls right and left high in the air. In the first fourteen there were two misses, in the next twelve balls two, and in the last twelve only one. Now there was a recess of a few minutes, while the boys went over the fields hunting for the lost pieces of coin.

In about ten minutes the Doctor was again on the ground, ready to begin over again. Standing about forty feet from him Colonel Fletcher hurled at Carver, just as hard as he could, the glass balls. These were low balls, not more than ten to twelve feet from the ground. Almost all of them were stopped by the Doctor's unerring bullet in mid-air. All the rifles were now loaded for the time match with one hundred balls. The following is the score:—

0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1
 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1
 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—Time, 4m.14.

This is wonderfully rapid time; but we do not by any means think it as fast as the Doctor could shoot, if he wanted to. No shot-gun, save a magazine-loading one, could keep up with him.

Potato-shooting was next in order. Right and left, no matter, anywhere, all over the field, were they thrown; it made no difference. The potatoes were all cut, and the air was full of smashed raw potatoes. It is the rapidity of the thing, with the unerring character of the shooting, which is so wonderful. Two and three hits into the same object are frequently accomplished. The rifle was going off all the time. It was a *saturnalia*, a *fantasia* of rifle-shooting, but then

every bullet met its billet. With balls thrown very high in the air on this special afternoon the Doctor missed more than he usually did, as on former occasions he was seen to hit every one, no matter how far skyward it was. All this is marvellous. We have been accustomed to see these things done with a shot-gun, with two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pellets, covering a space of thirty inches square. Here is a man who, with a single bullet from his rifle, executes even more difficult shots than have been attempted with a shot-gun.

Discarding the rifle, of which he is the consummate master, Dr. Carver now took to his Parker breech-loading shot-guns, — two ten bores, weighing seven and a half and ten pounds, — loaded with four and a half drachms of Dittmar powder and one and a quarter ounce of Tatham's chilled number eight shot. The transition is a remarkable one, but a man who has graduated in the school of the rifle must take easily to the shot-gun. We have no hesitation in stating at once that Dr. Carver is the most prodigious of shots with a fowl-ing-piece. He scorns the traps in shooting. On a prior performance a man standing some thirty yards off would throw two balls at once as far away as possible, and invariably when distant sixty or seventy yards both balls would be broken in the air. These shots were repeated in the first two performances over and over again, always with the same results. On the present occasion, the glass balls having given out, Colonel Fletcher's bell-metal glass ball was used as a substitute for the glass balls. No matter how thrown, Carver would hit it twice in the air, the clear ring of the metal bell which it gives out when struck being heard every time the gun went off. Dollars, coins, and paper shells were thrown in the air, and no miss was recorded. Just as Grace, the famed cricketer, could find no bowling he could not bat, so we fancy there is no glass-ball thrown from any trap known that Carver could not hit. With the

shot-gun it seems absolute play for him. On the occasion of a double shot Carver made a wonderful one, shooting one of the objects with a hip shot. The greatest of all shots at moving objects refuses to shoot at pigeons. It is not, he says, "in his line;" and we rather admire his taste than otherwise. A challenge to shoot pigeons having been sent to him when on the ground, Carver's response was somewhat as follows: "I am not in the bird business; but if the challenger or any other man will meet me on my own ground I will gladly accommodate him. I will give any man five hundred balls in the thousand, to be broken with a rifle ball, and accept the wager."

Among those attending the performances were the leading New York riflemen, with many officers of the various military organizations in the neighborhood. All were unanimous in their opinion that the shooting was miraculous, and that a new school of rifle-practice had been originated by Dr. Carver. We may expect, then, before long to record in our pages scores made by rifle-shots at glass or bell balls. But whether, among the many who will attempt it, such a phenomenal shot as Dr. Carver can be found, we are in doubt. Our western rifleman was ably assisted by Texas Jack, the well-known scout and guide of the prairies, who apparently is as much delighted in Dr. Carver's skill as if he himself were accomplishing the feats we have described. We conclude by declaring that Dr. Carver's rifle-shooting is just that exemplification of the rarest skill, nerve, and steadiness in a man, when combined with an arm of precision. — *Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun, New York, Thursday, July 11, 1878.*

DR. CARVER'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT!

**A CROWNING TRIUMPH! — NOT ONLY A SKILLED MARKSMAN,
BUT POSSESSED OF IMMENSE POWERS OF ENDURANCE.**

At the conclusion of this series of exhibitions, the Doctor immediately announced his intention, on Saturday, July 13, at the same place, of attempting an unprecedented feat of endurance and skill, that of breaking five thousand five hundred glass balls, thrown into the air, with Winchester rifles, in five hundred minutes! Notwithstanding the convincing evidence he had already given of standing without a peer in the world as a marksman, the very boldness as well as the magnitude of this undertaking, seemingly beyond the power of human endurance, implanted a doubt in the minds of even his firmest friends as to his ability to successfully accomplish the feat. He had never yet failed in any undertaking, yet it was difficult to believe any man capable of breaking eleven glass balls per minute for eight hours and twenty minutes, during which time he must, while using the Winchester ten-pound rifle, raise to his shoulder the aggregate weight of fifty-five thousand pounds, or, in other words, about twenty-seven and a half tons. The day came, and at eleven o'clock, A.M., the appointed time, the Doctor was promptly on hand. How well he knew his own skill, and had reckoned upon his powers of physical endurance, we will let the press of New York city relate.

CARVER'S BIG RIFLE-FEAT.

ASTONISHING SKILL AND ENDURANCE. — BREAKING FIVE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED GLASS BALLS IN FIVE HUNDRED MINUTES. — CAPTAIN BOGARDUS' FEAT EXCELLED. — DR. CARVER'S EYE-SIGHT TERRIBLY INJURED.

In Deerfoot Park, yesterday, Dr. W. F. Carver accom-

plished a feat never before attempted, and one which will probably never be tried again. It was the shooting and breaking of five thousand five hundred glass balls with a rifle inside of five hundred minutes; and it was successfully done within the stipulated time, and with ten minutes thirty seconds to spare. The man who has accomplished this wonderful feat of combined skill and endurance calls himself the "champion rifle shot of the world," and beyond a doubt he is. He is thirty-eight years old, stands six feet two in his stockings, is of magnificent physique, an iron constitution, iron nerves, and iron will. He was born in Saratoga, in this State, and when three years old was taken by his parents to Minnesota, to which State they emigrated, and where they were killed by the Indians soon after their arrival. The three-year-old boy was taken to the country of the Dakota Sioux, by whom he was kept for sixteen years. He became in everything but color a thorough Indian, and attained wonderful proficiency in shooting, riding, hunting, and all exercises of the chase. The Indians were persuaded to allow him to visit the settlements to engage in shooting-matches, and exhibit his skill among white men, and thus he escaped and allied himself to those of his own blood. For the last three years he has lived in California, and now calls San Francisco his home. His title of Doctor is not supported by any diploma of D.D., M.D., or LL.D., but was conferred by the Indian enemies of the Sioux, who, on account of the havoc created by his deadly rifle in their ranks, named him "The Great Bad Medicine." After his civilization he studied dentistry for a while, and nearly gained a legitimate title of Doctor in that way, but could not endure the confinement incident to the pursuit, and abandoned it for the more congenial occupation of shooting.

Ever since Capt. Bogardus succeeded in breaking five thousand balls with shot-guns in five hundred minutes, in Gilmore's Garden, last year, Dr. Carver has been anxious

to excel him, and has declared that he could with a rifle see the captain's five thousand and go him five hundred better. His friends have tried to dissuade him from the attempt, telling him that failure was certain, and that he would be foolish to undertake it. But he refused to listen to them, and has accomplished what he said he would; but he has paid dearly for his success, and said last evening that he would not do the same thing again for the wealth of the world.

At eleven o'clock yesterday morning Dr. Carver stepped in front of the little temporary wooden shed in the middle of Deerfoot Park, called out "Ready!" to Col. Fletcher, raised his shining Winchester to his shoulder, and with the first report, that was to be followed by six thousand more, the glass ball, twenty feet in air, disappeared, and a small cloud of feathers drifted away to the leeward. The Doctor was dressed in a white flannel shirt, black pantaloons, broad sombrero, and a loosely-knotted silk handkerchief encircled his neck. He fired with great rapidity, and had broken his first one hundred balls in five minutes and five seconds. In the same time he had missed but six. He fired down a little lane formed by boxes of metallic cartridges and barrels of glass balls. At the end of the lane stood Col. Fletcher, clad in blue flannel shirt and pantaloons, taking the glass balls from a box with one hand and tossing them into the air with the other almost as rapidly as it was possible for him to do so. Beside the Doctor stood Ira Paine, the trap shot and inventor of the feather-filled glass balls. His business was to take the smoking rifles from Dr. Carver's hands as fast as they were emptied and replace them with freshly loaded guns. Inside the shed was Texas Jack, in costume precisely like his friend "Doc," busily engaged in oiling and loading the guns. Close beside Ira Paine stood a negro before a tub of ice-water, into which he plunged the heated guns as fast as Ira handed them to him.

Six Winchester rifles, two of which Dr. Carver has used all the way from San Francisco, and fired over thirty-five thousand shots apiece with, were used, and did admirable work, though toward the end of the trial they became very much heated and very foul. They were each loaded with fourteen cartridges.

Dr. Carver had been too anxious over the result of his attempt to eat any breakfast, and consequently was not as well prepared as he should have been for the terrible ordeal before him. He was a splendid-looking man as he stood like a rock firing shot after shot with astonishing rapidity, and with the regularity of clock-work, rarely missing a ball. The cartridges were each loaded with forty grains of powder and two hundred grains of lead, and the recoil of each shot was tremendous; but the Doctor never flinched, though after the first one thousand shots the pain in his shoulder must have been great. His only and great trouble proved to be with his eyes, from which he had anticipated none whatever. But the slight breeze was directly in his face, and the impalpable glass dust and feathers from the broken balls were blown directly in his face, as was also the sulphurous smoke after each discharge. But the trouble lay in the water that, in spite of careful cleaning, clung to the guns, and with each discharge was spurted directly into Dr. Carver's face and eyes. By the end of the first one thousand shots his eyes had become terribly inflamed, and were evidently giving him great pain. His white shirt became black and grimy. The perspiration poured from his face, and he hastily brushed it away every now and then with his hands that, incased in buckskin gloves, had become perfectly black from the oil and the soot of the powder.

The morning was muggy and close, but during the twenty-seventh hundred the rain began to fall in a smart shower, that compelled the Doctor to stand just under the shelter of the shed, a move by which five minutes were lost. The

rain soon cleared away, and the sun came out bright and hot; and in the bright light the glass balls glistened and danced before the inflamed eyes of the Doctor.

Shortly after three o'clock, when at the end of his thirty-first hundred, and eleven minutes ahead of his time, he retired to the hotel for half an hour, changed his clothes, took some beef-tea, and bathed his eyes. On his return, twenty-one minutes behind his time, he began shooting with great rapidity; the broken glass flew thick as hail, the feathers floated away like a continuous white cloud, and the loud "fing, fing" of the bullets followed each other so closely as almost to make a single sound as they cleft the air. The first four hundred fifty-two shots were made in thirty-three minutes. The crowd began to increase, and carriages and ladies began to appear. Although during the day the crowd of spectators was at no time great, between three thousand and four thousand persons watched the shooting at different periods. Among them was one old white-headed man, who had thought it worth his while to come on from New Hampshire to see the "greatest rifle-shooting feat of the world," as he called it.

The Doctor stood in the midst of an immense accumulation of empty shells; the space in front of him became deeply covered with broken glass, and the ground and persons standing near became white with the snow-like feather shower. The Doctor's eyes looked terribly, and he was continually forced to stop and press to them a piece of ice in a handkerchief. Still the monotonous firing was kept up until the never-ceasing bang, bang of the guns became unendurable to persons of nervous temperament, and many left the ground unable to bear it. The successful shots reached four thousand, four thousand five hundred, five thousand, and the excited crowd pressed closely about the shooter. The guns became very foul, and a long tongue of fire accompanied each discharge. Everybody

was covered with broken glass and flying feathers. The balls were thrown less and less high until they were barely ten feet from the muzzle of the rigidly-extended gun. The man who was such a perfect specimen of manhood in the morning had become nearly blind, and it was painful to look on his red, swollen face, and inflamed eyes. He calls out, "For God's sake, boys, how much more have I got to do?" The answer, "Just one hundred more, and eighteen minutes to do them in," seems to revive him, and he fires with renewed life. Suddenly a cheer from those near the score's table announces the task completed, the Doctor fires the six shots remaining in the rifle, breaks six balls with them so as to be sure that he has done enough, and then the gun falls from his nerveless grasp, and he is carried away in a carriage, his task done, and ten minutes to spare.

He was taken to the hotel and put to bed, where he suffered much all night with his eyes. He says he is glad that he has successfully accomplished the feat, but that all the wealth in the world would not tempt him to repeat it. He says, also, that after the first one thousand shots he was in agony to the end, and that he did not see hundreds of the balls at which he fired. This was his last exhibition in the vicinity of New York, and will probably be his last anywhere for a week or two. He is not nearly so badly used up, however, as was Capt. Bogardus after his shoot in Gilmore's Garden, and will probably recover very quickly. He fired in all six thousand two hundred and eight shots. —*N.Y. Times, Sunday, July 15, 1878.*

OVER ELEVEN A MINUTE.

DR. CARVER BREAKS 5,500 GLASS BALLS IN LESS THAN EIGHT HOURS — HIS EXTRAORDINARY ENDURANCE — THE CALIFORNIA MARKSMAN SHOOTING WITH WONDERFUL ACTIVITY — A CONSTANT SHOWER OF GLASS — COMPLETE SCORES OF 6,212 SHOTS.

Dr. Carver's great feat of breaking 5,500 glass balls in 500 minutes, with Winchester rifles, was accomplished at the Brooklyn Driving Park yesterday. He began shooting promptly at one minute past 11 in the morning, and fired the last shot at 10½ minutes past 7 in the evening, which gave him a margin of 41½ minutes, including a recess of 32 minutes. Mr. Fred Mather, of fish-culture fame, and formerly of the Aquarium, was the referee, and performed his part splendidly by calling each shot distinctly. The "New York Herald" was the only newspaper represented having official scores, with timekeepers and everything in detail, as will be seen by the scores given below. (For score see extract from "Forest and Stream.") Mr. Carver had his arrangements very complete, having 23 barrels of Paine's feather balls at his side, and 6 rifles on the table behind him; also his 7 assistants, among whom were Ira A. Paine, Texas Jack, Col. Fletcher, Arizona John, and J. P. Hill, of the old Berdan sharp-shooters, who did their work remarkably well, considering the immense number of shots and the many consecutive hours. The Doctor, when stepping to the score, was neatly dressed in a white merino shirt and black pantaloons, and wore a regular Plains broad-brimmed hat. He began his business promptly by shattering the glass balls almost as rapidly as they could be thrown in the air by the assistants, and soon covered the reporters' tables, as well as the ground, with the broken fragments. At first he would pass an occasional joke as he missed a ball, but

as the shooting progressed he got over that to some extent and remarked, "How am I going to get out of this?"

His rifles became so heated that they were hard to handle or work, but still they did their work well, and the only fault that could be found was that the water in the gun which had been so hastily cooled would settle down to the breech of the piece, and when he fired it appeared as if the spray from the concussion would blind him, and by rubbing the water from his eyes with his gloved hands, which were covered with powder, he soon created an inflammation which nearly all present thought would make him lose the race; but Carver was not at all daunted, but kept on shooting, and still rubbing his eyes, until the twenty-second hundred had been shot, when he remarked that he was just getting warmed up to his work and would be able to shoot after a while. On the twenty-third hundred his eyes were washed out by attendants, and in a minute he was at work again, and at the close of 2,300 his pulse was only 102, and, as it was raining hard, all present moved into the building, the Doctor standing in front and shooting as usual.

TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED.

On the 2,400 all took the open air once more, and Carver, taking his old position, went to work in earnest, but showed signs of great distress from the congestion of his eyes. From this time up to the third thousand it was doubtful as to his being able to accomplish the feat, but at the close of this round Mr. Howe, the proprietor of the park, took him in his carriage and went to the hotel near by for refreshment and a change of raiment.

AFTER THE INTERMISSION.

After an intermission of 32 minutes he returned to the ground in good spirits, and neatly dressed in a navy blue

shirt, with blue pants, and looked as fresh as ever, with the exception of his eyes, which were badly inflamed. Before leaving the score he had a lead of 11 minutes, and the delay put him 21 minutes behind his schedule time of 9m. 5 5-11s. per 100. For a time he seemed to gain but little; but, with an occasional rub of the eyes, he kept on, stopping only for a douche of borax-water now and then, and uttering things unfit for ears polite when the extractor of the gun failed to work. At the end of the fifth thousand he had more than made up for his lost time and had a few moments' margin on the last 500; but he kept on banging away with an almost savage activity, emptying rifle after rifle magazine with scarcely a second between the shots, until the last 500 were finished off in the short space of 38m. 20s., including 84 misses.

MODE OF FIRING.

The Doctor fired from first to last every shot in a clear, sportsmanlike manner. The butt of the rifle was held below the elbow until the ball had left the hand of the thrower, when, with a quick motion, the rifle went to the shoulder, the muzzle followed the ball up, and, as it reached the dead point at the top, a crack was heard followed by a shower of powdered glass.

Beyond the congestion of the membranes above the eye, particularly the right one, the marksman suffered little in the way of fatigue. His grasp of the hand at the close was as firm and hearty as at the opening, and the recoil, heavy and monotonous as it had been, had not affected the lithe, wiry form of the California shooter.

The shooting was eagerly watched and commented upon by a large crowd of shooting experts and sportsmen, while not a few ladies were seen among the group on the lawn, — Orange Judd, Barnet Philip, G. L. Wingate, M. Nicholas, Robert Furey, A. J. Hennion, Howard Jaffrey, B. E.

Valentine, with a number of old Creedmoor men. Col. James, of Amherst, N.H., who is a noted rifle-shot in his own district, came all the way from home to witness the great feat, and went away satisfied with what he had seen. From Boston came Mr. Richards, a well-known member of the Tremont Club, of that city, and a noted shot.

Once or twice the patience of the Doctor would give out as the extractor of his rifle, swelled by much use and the intense heat of the barrels, failed to work, and once he flung his rifle down upon the ground, toward the end of the match, when time became valuable and every second was of great moment.

The task from first to last was a great one, and demonstrated not only Dr. Carver's great ability as a crack rifle-shot, and his endurance for the hard battling of the hunter's life, but it showed that in the making of arms for rapidity the American rifle-makers hold the palm, as the international match at Creedmoor showed that for accuracy the American weapons are not to be overcome by the choicest small bores of foreign make. The rifle used in all the Doctor's feats is what is known as the Winchester repeating rifle, model of 1873. This gun has an octagon barrel 26 inches long, having a magazine under the barrel holding 16 cartridges, and carries a charge of 40 grains of powder and 200 grains of lead, the gun weighing, when fully charged, 10 pounds. It has a recoil of some 50 pounds and, by the depression of the trigger guard, throws the exploded cartridge shell entirely clear of the rifle. Two out of the 6 rifles used by Dr. Carver yesterday have been fired by him over 25,000 times, and it was with these in his hand that his best work yesterday was accomplished.

There was not a single accident throughout the day, the shots passing clear over the park to the woods adjacent, and when the feat was over a pile of broken glass was all that remained to bear witness to the Doctor's prowess and

skill. At times the Doctor would put in a double shot, taking aim twice at the ball while falling through the air. A few cooling draughts of lemonade was all the refreshment asked for or used during the trial. Without the eye irritation from the powder fumes it is quite certain that some remarkable scores would have been shown for rapidity; but, as it was, Dr. Carver has succeeded in accomplishing a task which it is not likely that either he or any other man will soon attempt, much less successfully carry through. The Doctor says he is quite willing to rest on his laurels on this line of shooting. A single misfire — and even this caused no doubt by a speck of dirt in the chamber of the rifle — speaks much for the excellent character of the ammunition employed. — *N. Y. Herald*, July 14, 1878.

THE RIFLE.

THE BREAKING OF THE 5,500 GLASS BALLS — DR. CARVER.

Saturday, July 13, was in many respects a most unfavorable day for the performance Dr. Carver undertook of breaking 5,500 balls in 500 minutes. The weather was excessively close and muggy, and had followed a singularly long heated spell. There was almost all the day very little air, and when the wind blew it was directly in the face of the rifleman, with hardly force enough to drive the smoke of the rifle away. There was one heavy shower during the day, which may have slightly lowered the temperature, but then it made the effects of the sun, which shone for a long time during the afternoon full on Dr. Carver's face, difficult to bear. In rifle-shooting of the character attempted by Dr. Carver it is impossible to shift the ground so as to have the sun on one's back when desirable. Some 6,000 rifle-balls to be shot must be fired only in the one direction

where there was no possible danger. In front of the firing shed at the Brooklyn Driving Park there is a belt of woods, and in this direction fell the some 200 pounds of balls Dr. Carver shot during the exhibition.

Promptly on time, at 11 o'clock, Carver was in position. It being work and not play, the rifleman was unadorned with his medals, and stood conspicuous in his plain white shirt and blue trousers. His immaculate white Texas felt had been exchanged for one with a shorter brim, which had seen usage, and which was looped up on one side. On the table was the gun-case, with the six Winchesters. This arsenal consisted of the Doctor's four rifles, with two new ones furnished by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. 10,000 cartridges in boxes (some 300 pounds dead weight) were all opened and ready, and a huge pile of barrels, full of the Ira Paine feather-filled balls, formed a barricade to the right of the rifleman. The assistants were Ira Paine, Texas Jack, Col. Fletcher, Arizona John, and J. P. Hill. There was a colored man with a big tub full of ice-water ready to cool off the barrels of the Winchesters. The arrangements made by the "Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun" and the "New York Herald" to report the match were very thorough. To keep such a long score some 4 persons, all experts, are absolutely necessary. One person records the shots on paper; another, chronometer in hand, keeps the time; a third calls out "broke" or "miss;" while a fourth makes up a continuous analysis of the shooting. Some four persons had the heavy task of throwing the glass balls in the air.

It is necessary to particularize the distance at which in this shooting the rifleman is away from the ball. The person throwing the ball was about twelve feet from the rifleman, and the ball was tossed from ten to fifteen feet up in the air. People ignorant of such matters must bear in mind that there is a great difference between hitting a flying mark

with a single rifle-ball and striking the same object with a load of shot. The result showed that when Dr. Carver's endurance was called upon it could respond to a most marked degree. In working the Winchester force must be used in throwing out the old exploded shell and in bringing up a new cartridge from the magazine. Long practice has made Dr. Carver familiar with the use of his weapon, but let a man, not an expert, try and work the lever of this particular arm and he would soon tire. As the results show, the Doctor did not suffer any great inconvenience about his body from the numerous discharges of the rifle, but it was from entirely another source that the chances of his losing the match arose. In cleaning the arms some slight amount of moisture remains in the rifles. In the haste of loading and discharging the piece, whether by the movement of the lever, which had to be done with a certain amount of force, or by the explosion, water was projected with considerable violence into the rifleman's eyes. This moisture was certainly impregnated with the products of the decomposition of the powder, which were terribly irritating to the eyes. What was worse was, that, the glass balls being shattered with great force, splinters of fine glass were often thrown directly in Carver's face. In fact, sharp spiculæ were projected for thirty feet around, the broken balls sometimes cutting the face and hands of the audience. If the match had been lost it would have arisen entirely because Dr. Carver could not see, and not from any effects on his chest or arms. All during the match, if there was an effort used to bring the Winchester *six thousand two hundred and eleven* times into the air by Dr. Carver, any over-exertion was not visible to those present. Physically the Doctor was fairly fresh. It was the eyes which early in the match commenced to suffer. The pain at times must have been exquisite. What assistance could be had was given, such as of bathing the eyes; and so some slight relief was given..

It is pretty certain that innumerable balls were shot at without being seen by him, which may account for the number of misses. Most gamely the Doctor struggled through, showing indomitable pluck and endurance. The trouble with the eyes was the last thing which Dr. Carver thought would happen to him. Such visual disturbance had never for once entered his mind.

A great deal of credit, we may state here, is due to Mr. Ira Paine, who, acting as Carver's coach, gave his best services, and by word and action kept Dr. Carver fully informed as to how he should best manage when he was struggling against fearful odds. In the second thousand ball series the eye-trouble commenced, which continued during the whole of the match. As eyes have no second wind it can readily be understood how difficult it was to accomplish the feat. The first hundred broken taking only 5 minutes and 5 seconds, with but 6 misses; there were quite a number of hundreds where as many as 20 and 30 were missed, with the time of 10, 12, and even 16 minutes. Rests had to be taken in order to bathe the Doctor's eyes. From about the 3,000th ball, Dr. Carver, who was behind time some 11 to 14 minutes, was called upon for his best efforts, and, nerving himself, he went to his task with a will, and, shortening the time, made up the gap. There was a great feeling of relief when the last shot was fired, and the Doctor's friends took him in charge.

Immediately after the match, Dr. Carver, quite exhausted after having shot his long fusilade, was put to bed, and was carefully attended to. His eyes were terribly inflamed and painful, and the services of an oculist were called for.

Monday a representative of the "Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun," having called on Dr. Carver, found him in good spirits, and only suffering from his eyes. One of his eyes was closed, and the other quite inflamed. A few days will possibly bring the Doctor quite round. The arms and

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SUMMARY BY THOUSANDS.

		SHOOTING TIME.		Total			Misses.
		M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	
First thousand	1st 500.....	32	201	06	20	63
	2d 500.....	34	00				
Second thousand.....	1st 500.....	42	001	24	00	130
	2d 500.....	42	00				
Third thousand.....	1st 500.....	50	501	50	20	151
	2d 500.....	59	30				
Fourth thousand.....	1st 500.....	35	301	22	00	157
	2d 500.....	46	30				
Fifth thousand	1st 500.....	38	201	15	30	137
	2d 500.....	37	10				
Last five hundred....		38	20				74

— *Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun, New York, Thursday, July 18, 1878.*

DR. CARVER'S GREAT FEAT.

THE RIFLE CHAMPION SLOWLY RECOVERING HIS EYESIGHT—
 WHAT HE DID.

After performing his great feat of breaking 5,500 glass balls with a rifle in 500 minutes, on Saturday last, Dr. Carver went to his room in the hotel, at Brooklyn Driving Park, totally blind.

On Sunday and Monday his eyes were covered with tea-leaves and ice. The light was kept away from them, and on Tuesday morning he recovered his sight in a measure, and came up to the city. He is now at the Astor House. The skin is peeled from under his eyes, and the lids are much inflamed. Last night he recognized friends and acquaintances, but could not read newspapers nor letters.

The Doctor says he does not think that the smoke from the rifle made him blind. He lays it to the sun. When he began shooting, the sky was overcast. The sun came out from behind a cloud, and shone directly in his eyes. He could not change his position, because the bullets would endanger life if he fired in any other direction. The scorching beams blistered his eyelids, and the pupils began to burn before he had broken 500 balls. At intervals ice and borax-water were applied to the eyelids, giving but momentary relief. About noon it began to rain. The shooting, however, continued without interruption. Within an hour the blazing sun again came out, and nearly seared his eyeballs. He slightly changed his position, but the sunlight struck the glass balls while they were in the air, and reflected in his eyes, intensifying the pain. The Doctor says the last thousand balls were broken from mere force of habit. He frequently shot without distinctly seeing them, and wonders at his success.

While practising on the previous night, he broke many balls thrown in the air after dark.

His right ear is entirely deaf, and he begins to think that he will never recover the use of it.

Capt. Bogardus broke down physically while cracking 5,000 glass balls with a shot-gun, in Gilmore's Garden, under cover. The weather was cool, and there was no sunlight. He became so exhausted that he was compelled to finish his task seated in a chair, and a part of the time

leaning against a partition. His shoulders were puffed black and blue, and his right arm and hand much swollen. During the shooting, they were frequently bathed in hot water. The Captain appears to be a more muscular and a stronger man than the Doctor. But the latter did not complain of fatigue. His arm and hand did not swell, and if his eyes had not been burned by the sun, he says he could have repeated the feat on the following day. Nor is this all. What he accomplished required a much greater power of endurance; for Capt. Bogardus used a ten-pound double-barrelled shot-gun, and raised it to his shoulder only at every alternate shot. He broke 5,000 balls, made 156 misses, a total of 5,156 shots. To do this he raised the ten-pound gun 2,578 times, an aggregate of 25,780 pounds, or a little over twelve tons.

Dr. Carver broke 5,500 balls, and missed 712. To do this he raised the ten-pound rifle to his shoulder 6,212 times, an aggregate of 62,120 pounds, or a little over thirty-one tons. He broke 5,500 balls in the time that Capt. Bogardus took to break 5,000, and in doing so lifted to his shoulder 36,340 pounds, or over eighteen tons more than the Captain.

But the comparison is not complete. The Winchester rifle throws out the shell and loads with a lever, the entire pressure coming upon the centre finger of the right hand. The Doctor worked this lever 6,212 times. The rifle expands with heat, and, when thus heated, requires an average pressure of forty pounds to each shot to work it. At this estimate, the Doctor must have moved 248,480 pounds with his middle finger during the day. By actual test upon the scales, the recoil of the Winchester rifle is ascertained to be 48 pounds at each discharge, therefore the Doctor must have withstood with his shoulder during this match, an aggregate weight of 298,176 pounds, or over one hundred and


forty-nine tons. In point of both skill and endurance, his feat is certainly unparalleled by any event in sporting annals, and will probably remain unparalleled as long as bullets are moulded and guns discharged. — *New York Sun*, July 18, 1878.

DR. CARVER'S SHOOT.

The match of Dr. Carver to shoot against all previous records and recorded times in breaking five thousand five hundred glass balls with a rifle in five hundred minutes, has created no small interest throughout the country. Our full report of last week is now supplemented by the detailed exhibit of the official time-keeper, displaying the work in a somewhat different form to that of the summary given with our full score a week ago. The record is given by hundreds, according to the time and number to be broken. A schedule time of 9m. 55-11s. per hundred is given, and these added to any period of the match will give us as in the "schedule time" column the grade of the match at that point. An actual time column explains itself as the total time actually spent in shooting up to any particular point of the contest. The two following columns give the time ahead or behind the schedule at any point, and the column of misses will be interesting in connection with the time.

It will be noted that the best time per hundred was in the first hundred fired at, which was broken in five minutes and five seconds, but this pace did not hold, and before taking the rest in the middle of the match, sixteen minutes and thirty seconds were consumed in breaking a single hundred. Of course in such a case there were short delays while the Doctor received a rapid treatment of the eyes, and besides the intervals between rifles were very marked. The average time per hundred in breaking was eight minutes, sixteen

seconds, and a trifle over. In the thirty-first hundred a rest was taken, and from the time of leaving to his return to the score, thirty-two minutes had elapsed. This, with the twelve minutes and thirty seconds with which he is credited at the end, leaves a margin of forty-four minutes, thirty seconds, *making the time actually consumed in shooting the fifty-five hundred balls seven hours, thirty-five minutes, and thirty seconds.* Starting with a lead of four minutes after the first hundred, this was added to until at the end of the twenty-second hundred there was a margin of thirty-three minutes and twenty-nine seconds in favor of the marksman. During the third thousand balls this was cut down until before leaving the field for a short respite he was but thirteen minutes and three seconds ahead, and after a pause of more than half an hour resumed his task with sixteen minutes and thirty-two seconds against him. Then came a really plucky stage of the match; it was up-hill work, but gradually the hill was climbed, and the skilful Doctor threw off the score against him until at the close of the forty-fifth hundred a margin of one minute remained in his favor. From there on the fight was to widen the difference, and on the last eight hundred over twelve minutes were gained, and, with the rest, took off forty-four minutes and thirty seconds from the five hundred minutes. There are several points deserving of attention as among the lessons of the match. As to the guns, it was shown that they are capable of as rapid a manipulation as the most practised expert can subject them to. When Dr. Carver would empty his rifle of fourteen accurately aimed shots in fifteen seconds, each shot bringing down a broken ball, there is little more to be expected from the weapon. It could easily have done work twice as rapid had any one been found able to handle the piece. Under this severe and, better still, practical test, the weapons behaved admirably, and this is more noteworthy as the rifles used were ordinary stock rifles and not special pieces gotten



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